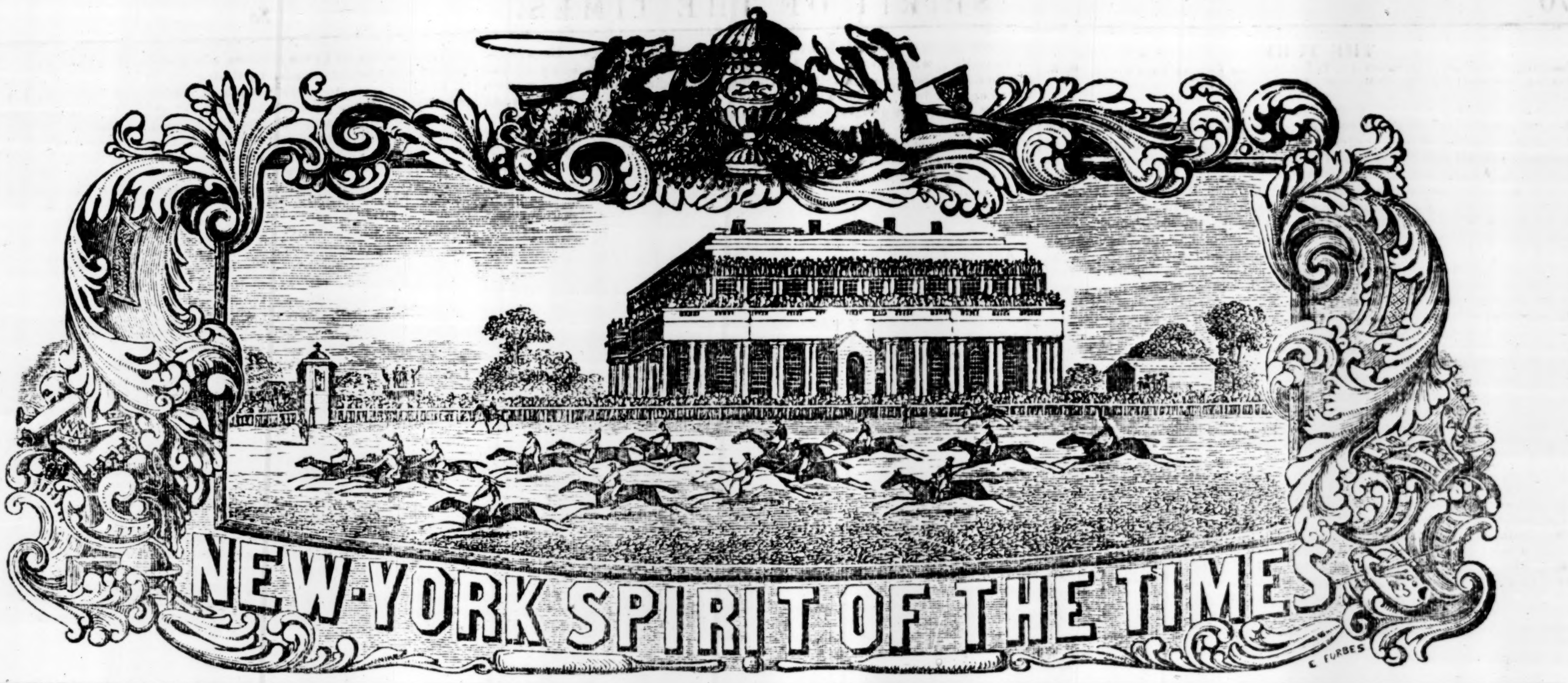

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1837. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No 47.

LIFE IN NEW YORK--NEW YEAR'S DAY,

As detailed by Mr. Brooks in an intercepted letter to the editor of the Portland Advertiser—a near relative of the late Major Jack Downing. The pictures drawn by Mr. Brooks are from life, and were sketched last Monday. Their fidelity and verisimilitude will be acknowledged strikingly graphic by those who have ever taken part in the festivities attendant upon the celebration of New Year's Day in the Commercial Emporium.

New-York against the world—a city in *lithograph* be the wager,—New-York against the world, no matter whether it be in building Packet Ships, devising Rail Roads, sending off Steam Boats, burning down houses, or building them up—putting out fires or setting them a blazing—incorporating banks, paying notes, or shaving them, "shinning," or "kiting,"—scheming or contriving, going ahead, or going round about, dodging, or running, creeping through a big hole or through a little one—in *any* thing, or *every* thing, my life upon it, New-York against the world! I have run over this earth a little, you know. I have camped with the Creeks; I have shaken hands with the Natchez. I have skiffed over the rivers in the canoe of the Passamaquoddy. I have hunted for the east beyond the Bay of Fundy, and stretched for the West over the Mississippi. I have popped into the Tuilleries, seen the purlieus of St. James, quizzed the Court of Naples, burnt my shoes in Vesuvius' crater, lounged with the Lazzaroni, mounted the snow-capped cliffs of the Alps, ambled along the sunny grape-spread plains of Germany, run over heath and hill in the Hebrides, walked the sleepy Gael at night,—*now* figuring in a Yankee husking, in a fore-and after,—anon lost in a German Whirligig at Baden Baden,—now pulling fingers with the log rollers in the wilds of the St. John, now bid off at auction as a schoolmaster to be boarded at forty cents a week—anon in subterranean halls of Paris, again at a country dinner,—but my life on it,—in *any* thing in *every* thing, New York against the world!

As "a looker-on in (this) Vienna," I have spent *this* New Year's Day in wandering about with the multitude from house to house, saying "*how d'ye do's*," shaking hands there, dodging it here, and scampering off there, flying up this street, and trotting down that, now nibbling a bit of cake in this place, now attacking a leg of ham in that,—looking at this punch bowl and tasting of that—here viewing a range of decanters, and there the monstrous coffee-pot—every-where finding the ladies most gorgeously apparelled—rustling in silks, and blazing with jewels,—their fathers and husbands off,—themselves the Queens of the day,—with a tide of visitors rolling in and out, and as one wave dashed on, another refluent rushing out. Not a Lady could have been persuaded even with the gems of Golconda, to show herself in the street! Death it would have been to her caste! If a sister went to see her sister, she went at early morn, or late at night, muffled up in boas and furs,—with an impenetrable veil over her face, with a fitful step too, lest some one whom she might know, might see her, and thus her fashionable name be blasted for ever. Not a lady therefore was in the streets! The men had sway omnipotent from the Battery to Harlem, from the suburbs of Brooklyn Heights to Greenwich village. O! Fashion, thou art an inexorable tyrant, but an amiable one nevertheless, for we *love* to do thy bidding. Tyrant though thou be over every lock on our heads, and over even the soles of our feet, shaping every thing and ruling every thing according to thy sovereign will. Yet how we glory in being thy slaves!

In these rambles of mine I could not but remark what an aspect of *business* every thing in New-York assumes. Why, the men go to see their lady-loves here just as they go to the Bank of America to pay their notes,—on a fixed day, at stated hours,—the visit, however, being due but once a year, though the note at Bank may be due every three months. Every woman in the city has a *draft* on her acquaintance, due the first of January; and if this is not *honored* then, the *Bill* is *protested*, and the *credit* of the *drawee* is no more. Wall-street is deserted on this important day. The Brokers shut up shops. The Banks close their doors. Pearl-street is as melancholy as a tomb. A ghost of a man, wifeless, homeless, houseless, love-less, miserable and forlorn, it is true, may be seen in these now sepulchral precincts on such a day; but the side-walk, made hot with the tramp of footsteps all other days—the crowded, busy, tempestuous thoroughfare, is now cleared on this—and the ghost if such ghost there be, squeaks and gibbers all alone. the multitude have fled up town. They are in Broadway—in Greenwich street—here and there, and every where but where the shops are, and where merchandize is bought and sold. Go in Broadway, and you see men in streams as resistless as the Mottanawcook. Talk of busy bustling men in the great thoroughfare of the London Cheapside! Why, those are only *men* there; but these, here in Broadway, on a New Year's day, are the two-legged locomotives of the steam-going United States of America. Broadway is their rail-road track. They whizz and buzz by each other, with a puff, puff, puff, and wo to the luckless wight that falls in their way! A locomotive, perchance, may meet an acquaintance now and then—he lets off his steam and *sizzles* awhile, and he who is versed in the language of steamers may hear it say, "2 o'clock," (puff) "sixty calls made—one hundred more to do," (puff) "good bye," and off. Locomotive and all enters a house. "Happy New Years," (puff) "good cake"—"theatre"—"three hundred forty-eight more" (puff) and off. Never, never, never, were there such people as we yankee people for doing business, no matter what it be. If he has goods to sell, he bustles about like a sky rocket till all are sold. If he has a note to pay in Wall street, and three o'clock is coming on, don't touch him, don't look at him, don't for the world say "how do you do"?—for with his head forwards, and his legs flying like spinning jennies, he is steaming onwards, and if any man interrupt him, ten chances to one but that he would knock him down or run over him. Pleasure here too is converted into a perfect affair of business. Thus this excellent custom of doing a year's job in *one*, the New Year's day. A *discount* then saves a creditor a whole year. The man in the morning sits down, and looks over his journey of visits. "I owe," he says to himself, "five hundred visits to-day." No man's legs can do this job for him in a city like this. He hires a horse, he takes a copy from his ledger: he whips up and down all day: and when he finds he cannot do all in *propria persona*, he throws in his card, and off he goes again. Blessed bit of pasteboard, what a delicious, time-saving invention, now and then, thou art! Even the ladies too, understand the art of doing business perfectly well. Look into this house, and there is often a sly young rogue in the corner, keeping the chronicles of the day,—a ledger for the family, so as to know whom to invite for the year to come. It may be that they make out in the morning a list of Debtors to start with. Thus six hundred persons, *debtors* to-day. At night, *credits* four hundred and fifty men, alas! are ruined in that house forever! Their *credit* is gone. No more *discounts* for them. Their *paper* is dishonored, for their *notes* are not paid. But then the sinning rogues that keep the books, at times go further. Oh horror of horrors! a pretty bow or an ugly one—as being dressed *a-la-mode*, or being dressed as we please! A man-critic has eyes enough but a woman has forty to his one, seeing every thing, noting every thing from the finger nails to the lay of the nap on the hat. Oh, horror of horrors again Who can run such a gauntlet as that?

Life in New York, therefore, it is a drollery my dear friends of the East. Cities are built up here (on paper, *aside*) and sold in lots, whole acres at a time. Romulus, and Remus, and William Penn, are scouted at for the fuss, in city-founding that they made. A Lithographer he will *found* a dozen in a week. The Moon is to be mapped off, as soon *as* Herschel tells us how to get a surveyor there. Wisconsin and Iowa are now about as thickly populated as Italy, in *cities* least. A dollar too adroitly used in Wall street will go as far as twenty elsewhere. The truth is, all things are resolved in the crucible of business here. The money business of the day being over, a merchant wants a bit of pleasure. He jumps into his gig perhaps, and with his wife, if he be so happy as to have one, he drives like a meteor full tilt, over pavement and field, with as fiery a horse as he can get; and this job being over, he goes to bed, dreams of notes and discounts, and then to act a like scene over another day. Without time to go home to dinner, he runs into an eating-house, and bolts down his food, and then bolts off, and this job being over, he goes to work at his bills receivable or payable again. The question here is not "how are you," "how do you do," "good morning, sir," "it is cold weather to-day," but "how is the money market," "have you any thing over," "lend me a hundred dollars," "the d——! take the Directors of some of the Banks." A wife, it may be, cannot see a husband often enough to remember how he looks. A little family of prattling children, perhaps, get a peep at Papa only once a week, and then on Sunday, when, thank Heaven, there are no notes to pay. It is a solemn truth that we go up and down street with such a steam power, whether we are visiting or doing business, that the very winds wear away the rotundity of our checks, and hence we are such a lean, gaunt looking, slab sided race, instead of being the portly, hearty full checked men in John Bull's land over sea. Every thing is thus done on the high pressure principle in this great Babylon of America. Men eat, drink, and sleep in a hurry. they visit and make love, and marry in a hurry. If a young lady don't say "Yes!" quickly, a dozen others will be "asked" as it were in a twinkling of an eye. They live, die, and are buried too in a hurry, even the Dictionary is in a hurry, and words do not mean what they do elsewhere. Every thing stalks in superlatives and adjectives are all "the go." Even Noah Webster with all his word-making faculties, can never keep up with such men and such times as these,--but I must be off, for now the dinner bell is ringing, and who *then* in our land, would not be in a hurry too? B.

RODOLPH AND ANGORA.

Franklin County, (Ken.,) Dec. 16th, 1836.

Dear Sir,—It seems from the enclosed effusion of our friend "Natty Quiz," whom I cannot commend to you as a poet, poetaster, or even rhymer, that the agony is not over. *He* has been seized with a poetical spasm, which has been *partially* relieved by the copious evacuation of his brain herewith sent. The infliction of it upon your readers will perhaps restore him to his right reason. If it does not, our only hope of his recovery must depend on your application of a little caustic criticism to the fungus of his inflamed imagination.

Yours respectfully, J. L.

Epistle from "N. Q." to his friend Oliver Oughtright.

To Oakland Course! Oh! what a clatter!
Thro' mud, and mire, and rain, and spatter,
Hacks, horses, footmen eager dash on;
Oh! 'tis the go—'tis all the fashion,
For *Rodolph* and *Angora* there
To-day will have a field so fair.
  Here's Old Kentuck, his pockets swagging,
With lots of hemp and cotton bagging,
And Tennessee, with bales of cotton,
And summut in his belt, I wot on.
Kindly they give a hearty shake,—
"Friendship we lose not, but the stake
Five thousand 'tis"—I "see I go it;"—
"Five thousand more?"—"Fork out, I'll show it."
Angora's backers plank the ready,
And Rodolph's cover them quite steady.
  Now sounds the bugle—Rodolph dances,
Oh! 'tis the music he most fancies.
There's lightning in his eye, there's thunder in his hoof,
Gently Angora comes;—they're off! they're off!
Away they go—a killing pace—the mare's a-head!
Around they sweep, Angora keeps the lead—
Hurra! A louder shout would wake the dead.
Now Charley's cap is fluttering in the wind,
And Rodolph, hard in hand, is still behind;
But see, his hand is up, his cap is on,
The bridle's slack, and Rodolph's gone,
His mettle's up—he flies—no wonder,
See how he throws his haunches under.
A moment's silence, breathless deep,
A moment's silence thousands keep:
"He's up—he's past—he's far a-head,"
Was quicker done than can be said.
Ten thousand voices shout around,
Echo repeats the stunning sound,
"Hurra for Rodolph! Whoop! Halloo!"
He seems as if he all but flew;
See how he comes, like flashing levin,
A hand is raised, a whistle given;
Swifter he darts, the race is won,
Angora, distanced far, is done.
  The welkin rings—the West is lucky,
Now bugles play the "Hunters of Kentucky,"
For Old Kentuck saves hemp enough,
Besides some other "truck and stuff,"
And bagging, too, he's learnt to spin it,
And since the Southerners *can't win it*,
He puts *their bales of cotton in it*.
In such a way a *caution* 'tis,
To your humble servant—Natty Quiz.

P.S. You see, Mr. Editor, I am a *valuable* correspondent, *for I pay the postage*, a rare virtue in men of *poetical temperament*. N. Q.

Theatricals.—Miss Ellen Tree has left the *Park* for the Chesnut street, Phila. Power returns from Boston to take her place on Monday. The new *Bowery* opened on Monday last, "scarce half made up." Celeste and the new pantomime are to be succeeded at the *National* by the Ravels, the former being about to leave for New Orleans. John Sefton "rules the roast" at the *Franklin*. Miss Clifton is starring with immense success at Washington. Adams and his wife, who retains her maiden name, (Mary Duff,) are at Nashville. Tom Placide has made a hit at Mobile; Mrs. Pritchard is there also. Balls and Abbott are at New Orleans. Mrs. Gibbs is in town, and we trust will soon appear at the Park.—She is engaged at most of the Northern theatres. The Richmond Hill theatre is still open, and arrangements are making for the erection of two more in this wicked city.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

Forrest, Hill, and Rice are still playing with great success in London. On the 25th Nov. Booth was to play *Iago* to Forrest's *Othello*. Booth opened in *Richard*, at Drury-Lane, on the 21st, after an absence of eight years. Among those intimately connected with the American stage now in London, are Fanny Kemble, Mr. Price, Forrest, Booth, Hamblin, Hill, Mr. and Mrs. George Barrett, Jim Crow, Young Kean, Harry Wallack, and Bernard. There is an *on dit* that Fanny Kemble will play for her father's farewell benefit, in order to pave the way to her future appearance in front of the lamps. The rumor is too good to be true. We marked half a dozen articles of theatrical intelligence for insertion in this paper, but most of them are unavoidably crowded out.

Drury Lane.—Mr. Forrest appeared, for the first time in this country, in Banim's drama of *Damon and Pythias*, on Thursday, and proved—if, indeed, any farther proof were wanting—that he is one of the finest melo-dramatic performers at present on the stage. We are aware that this is not saying much—that a man may be one of the finest melo-dramatic performers without being anything remarkably great—but, while we admit this, he does not justify us in saying more; and even on the melo-dramatic list, we must place him much lower than Macready.

Mr. Forrests peformance of Damon is marked and effective, but his success in this character is chiefly attributable to his stentorian voice, and his herculean frame. There can be no question about his ability to develope "the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion," with considerable power; but his ability to "acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness," is possessed by him to a very limited extent indeed. He can storm, but there is no intensity in his storming; the rolling of the waves of his passion is not indicative of depth; there is too much surf—the shingles are perpetually sounding in our ears.

Dr. Bird took a very fair measure of his abilities when he wrote expressly for him the character of Spartacus. In that, in Damon, in Rolla—which he is announced to play to-morrow—and in other characters of the same description, there can be no doubt of his ability to appear, to the satisfaction of most men; but in characters which require the portrayal of finely-subdued feeling—although he succeeds in drawing a bold and striking outline—he displays a most lamentable deficiency in the filling up. Satirist.

Banim's Drama of *Damon and Pythias* was perfofmed on Thursday night, and Mr. Forrest sustained the character of Damon with a power and energy both of mind and body of which, perhaps, no other actor on the stage is now capable. It was, in fact, a most striking and almost a painful performance, from the extreme vivid representation of some of the striking scenes of which the play consists. We happen never to have seen it before, and although it has not been a great favourite in this country, we believe that Mr. Forrest has given it an extraordinary degree of popularity in the United States. We do not wonder at it, for it affords room for some fine acting, of rather a melodramic kind, for which Mr. Forrest is particularly qualified. The play is repeated on Tuesday.

Adelphi.—Rice, the American performer of nigger characters, appeared at this theatre on Monday evening, in a new burletta called *A Flight to America*. The "flight," with the preparatory circumstances, occupies the first act, and there is no reason to complain of want of variety in the incidents, whatever may be the lack of wit and humor. Rice appears in the second act, the scene of action being New York. His "nigger" is doubtless perfect, and if it were amusing or humorous also, no fault could fairly be found. To those who can discover anything irresistibly amusing in the nigger character we commend Mr. Rice's performance. The only points in which he approaches the humorous are in his comic singing and the singular chuckle—more singular than pleasing, a great deal—in which he indulges. In short, his is not the species of talent, as far as we have observed, which can or ought to command any lasting admiration. Of the drama, we can merely say that some good actors were thrown away upon a bad piece. Such performers as Reeve, Buckstone, Yates, Mrs. Stirling, and Miss Daly—even a combination of comic talent like this failed to impart any real interest to the piece, and the scanty applause which they elicited was not given to what they said, but to the manner of its utterance. The piece is termed a farcical burletta, and farcical it is without being laughable—a caricature not humorous—a hotch-potch of unpardonable dullness. The theatre was crammed on the first night of its performance, and it is only fair to say that the "ayes" at the close carried it against the dissentients. Great pains have been bestowed on the getting-up of the piece, as, indeed, is invariably the case; but the manager is not so fortunate as of yore in the character of his pieces. Has Buckstone, we wonder, made a vow to write no more "domestic" dramas? Satirist.

Mr. Denvil, the tragedian, who appeared at Drury Lane Theatre some time ago in the character of *Manfred*, in Lord Byron's tragedy of that name, has lately met with an accident which nearly cost him his life. It appears that he was sojourning in New York for the purpose of fulfilling professional engagements, and that whilst one day taking an excursion on the water with a few companions, in a small boat, they were overturned by a collision with two steamers, and, after remaining in the water some time, were providantially saved by the people on board the steamers. Mr. Denvil was to have performed Shylock in the evening of the same day, but the exhaustion produced by the accident obliged him to postpone it.

The Princess Amelia of Saxony has written several dramatic pieces for the German stage, and many of them have been played with great success. The last, which is called *The Irresolute*, was brought out at Dresden a few days ago. This literary princess is now preparing an edition of all her works for publication.

Liston asked Mathews to play for his benefit; the latter excused himself, as he had to act elsewhere. "I would if I could," said he, "but I can't split myself in *half*." "Umph! I don't know that," said Liston, "I have often seen you play in *two pieces* the same night."

"I have but one idea about theatres," remarked Architect Beazley to Yates—"That is manifest enough," rejoined Frederick the little, "by the circumstance of your building them alike." Beazley swore he would never write another farce for the Adelphi as long as he lived.

Honest Jack Banister died on Monday, at his residence in Gower-street. He was nearly the last of the contemporaries of Garrick, and his comic powers in a certain line have been rarely excelled. He was fortunate enough to attain to independence in his pecuniary circumstances, and thus secured the comfort, as far as gout permitted, of his declining years. He retained and deserved the esteem of his friends to the last.

Kean had an overflowing benefit on Tuesday, at the Brighton theatre, and afterwards renewed his engagement for four nights. He had the honor of dining with the Duchess of St. Alban's a few days since.

Anderson, the pugnacious vocalist, figured once more at a police-office on Tuesday, on a charge of assault. This person ought really to sing nothing but martial music, though he is not very brilliant in *mill*-itary duets; his voice comes evidently from his "breadbasket" instead of his chest, and is always at battle pitch. In the palmy days of pugilism, he would have been a quarrelsome "light weight," and the stage of the Fives Court would have been the proper arena for his talents. We thought the punishment inflicted by Bond would have quelled for a time his pugnacity, but the bump of combativeness is prominant over all.

THE TURF.

A Treatise on the Care, Treatment, and Training of the English Race-Horse. By R. Darvill, Veterinary Surgeon, 7th Hussars. London. 8vo. 1832.

[CONCLUDED.]

But we cannot say this of the noble earls, amongst whom are several of the best judges of racing of past or present days. We will begin with the Earl of Egremont; and not only by the rule of seniors priores, but looking upon him as one of the main contributors to the *legitimate* end of racing—*the improvement of the breed of horses*, his Lordship having always paid regard to what is termed stout, or *honest* blood. Lord Egremont bred Gohanna, by Mercury, by Eclipse, and purchased Whalebone from the Duke of Grafton (the old Prunella sort,) whose stock have been invaluable to the turf, and will continue to be so for many years to come. His lordship has likewise turned the amusement—and such has been his object in the pursuit of it—to an excellent account, in the liberal act of affording his tenantry, and neighbors, the free benefit of several of his stud-horses. Among these have been two very fine animals, Octavius and Wanderer, the latter not inamptly named, as for many years of his life he was never known to lie down, but was generally in action in his box. He was a noble specimen of the horse, and one of the best bred ones in the world for all the purposes for which horses of speed and strength are wanted, being by Gohanna, out of a sister to Colibri, by Woodpecker, esteemed our *stoutest* blood. The Earl is likewise the breeder of honest Chateau Margaux, and Camel, ornaments to the British turf, and sons of good little Whalebone. Lord Egremont won the Derby three times in four years—twice with sons of Gohanna, and subsequently with Lapdog,[*] by Whalebone. He has also been three times the winner of the Oaks, with fillies from his own stud. But all this success is not to be placed to his lordship's own account; he received great assistance in all his racing speculations from his late brother, the Honorable Charles Wyndham, since whose decease the stable has not been so successful.

The Earl of Burlington (Lord George Cavendish) is of great repute on Newmarket heath, as a good breeder of race-horses, a very high bettor, and we need not add, a most honorable man. His lordship, no doubt, has his fancies in his betting, which of course he now and then pays for—when he does 'fancy his horse,' as the turf phrase is, he will risk an immense sum upon him, not far short, we have heard, of ten thousand pounds! But what is money? His lordship, at present, has but a small stud.

The late Earl of Stradbroke was one of the keenest and best sportsmen at Newmarket, and owner of a large stud. Amongst the number, was the celebrated mare Persepolis, the dam of thirteen good racers, amongst which were Araxes, Tigris, Indus, Euphrates, Phasis, and Cydnus, all sons of Quiz, and Granicus and Rnbicon by Sorcerer. The famous brood mares, Cobbæa (the dam of Sorcery), and Grey Duchess, by Pot-8-os, were also his lordship's stud, and presented by him to George IV., when he commenced breeding race-horses at Hampton Court. The present Lord Stradbroke, and his Grace of Richmond, have lately been confederates on the turf.

The Earl of Oxford took the field last year as usual, with a tolerably large string of horses, and, to use his own words, when he won the Great Produce Stakes at Ascot with his Muley filly, and the Clearwell Stakes with his Clearwell colt (a *clear* thousand by the way, and the other five hundred), 'got out of his place,' which has generally been a good *second*. His lordship, however, takes all this with perfect good humor, and is himself always a favorite at Newmarket, should his horse not prove to be so. The noble Earl is considered a very liberal match-maker, if not something like a contributor towards the training expenses of one or two of his competitors; but he has made a very good beginning this year. Of the Earls of Verulam, Warwick, and Clarendon, we do not hear much, although the first-named lord is rather an extensive breeder. Lord Warick has a smart colt by Centaur, which won every time it started last year, and is entered for the next St. Leger. Lord Clarendon we consider little more than an amateur. Earl Sefton began his racing career late in life, and although he entered into it with spirit, giving two thousand guineas for the Bobadilla, soon abandoned the slippery course. Indeed so hastily did he retire from it, that, on a little disappointment at Epsom, he would not wait for the assistance of the printer, but sent a manuscript notice to Tattersall's yard, that his stud were immediately to be sold. We confess we admire his lordship's decision—'When fortune frowns, the first loss is the best.' The Earl of Litchfield is rather deep on the turf, as the list of his horses show. Indeed, his lordship does everything with spirit, but even spirit cannot command success. Lord Lichfield, however, is a sportsman, and what is termed a high and honorable bettor. The Earl of Wilton, as well bred for the turf as Eclipse, being grandson to THE Earl Grosvenor, is not only an owner of race-horses, but a jockey—one of the best gentlemen race-riders of these days. The Earl of Chesterfield too is becoming conspicuous, as a peep into the Racing Calendar will confirm, no less than fifteen horses now appearing to his name. His lordship has also his stud-farm in Derbyshire, the renowned horses, Priam and Zinganee, purchased at great prices—the former having finished his brilliant career with winning the Goodwood Cup. Report says, that he is likely to make his way in this 'forest of adventure,' as his experience increases with his years. But the best judge of this rank is the noble Earl of Jersey, who, indeed, does every thing well. As a breeder, perhaps his lordship may not quite equal the Duke of Grafton and Lord Egremont, but we must place him third, having produced from his own mares one winner of the Oaks—Cobweb, supposed to be the best bred mare in England—and two winners of the Derby, namely, Middleton and Mameluke, the latter of which he sold to Mr. Gully for four thousand guineas! Perhaps no man ever brought to the post on one day two finer racers of his own breeding than Mameluke, the winner of the Derby, and Glenartney, who ran second to him, beating twenty-one others, with the greatest ease. Lord Jersey's stud is not large, but well selected, and he has every convenience for breeding at his seat, Middleton Stony, Oxfordshire. His Lordship was formerly confederate with that thorough sportsman, Sir John Shelley, who had the honor of breeding Phantom. The Earl of Durham has retired, but when Mr. Lambton he had a splendid stud, which was sold by Messrs. Tattersall in 1826, when eight *foals* realized the astonishing sum of 1533 guineas! (above 200*l.* each).

Of Newmarket Viscounts we only muster two, but if there were more we must give Lord Lowther the *pas*, not only from his experience and knowledge, considered quite first-rate, but from the single fact of his having had sixteen horses in training last year, although we fear we cannot call *them* 'first-rate.' It is a singular fact, that his lordship has only won the Derby once, and never won the Oaks, in his long career on the turf. He had formerly a large breeding establishment at Oxcroft, eight miles from Newmarket, but the land not being suited for it, in addition to the great prevalence of flies, it has been removed to within a few hundred yards of Newmarket town, where his lordship occupies a farm.—Here is the horse *Partisan*, the sire of many good ones, and amongst the rest Mr. Ridsdale's Glaucus,[†] purchased at three thousand guineas, after beating Clearwell (Lord Oxford's), in a match for five hundred guineas, in October last. The best judges are sometimes mistaken, and Lord Lowther should not have sold Glaucus for three thousand guineas without having had a better taste of him, for, besides his winnings, amounting to fourteen hundred guineas, General Grosvenor cleared nearly three thousand by the purchase. But 'Glauci permutatio' is a standing proverb for a bad bargain, ever since the hero he is named after exchanged gold for iron under the walls of Old Troy. Joseph Rogers, of Newmarket, trains for his lordship. Of Lord Ranelagh, the other Newmarket Viscount, we have very little to say, his lordship's stud being so small; and we must consider our noble secretary for foreign affairs, Viscount Palmerston, only an humble provincial. To the satisfaction, indeed, of his competitors, his lordship has now relinquished even these rural honors, for Luzborough,[‡] Grey-leg, and company, were sad teazers to the west country platers.

Our noble barons make no figure in the Newmarket list. Strange to say, we cannot find one. Lord Wharncliffe was the last, and still more strange to tell of so unwavering a tory, his lordship's best horse at one time was *Reformer!*

Of *honorables* we can find but one, Captain Rous, a good sportsman, and very spirited bettor. Neither can we produce more than two Newmarket baronets, and are inclined to ask, how is this? Sir Mark Wood stands first, with a long string of horses—Lucetta, the best mare of her day, and Camarine, the best of the present day, amongst the lot—not forgetting Vespa, his winner of this year's Oaks. Some apprehensions were entertained for Sir Mark when he entered the ring, with youth on his brow, and Gatton, just in time by the bye, in his pocket; and it was feared all might find its way into schedule A. But Sir Mark has made a good fight—*He has given good prices for good horses*, which with good training and good riding, have pulled him through. His last week of last meeting at Newmarket was a very pretty finish. He won six times and received forfeit once; and on one match, Camarine versus Crutch, he is said to have netted three thousand pounds! His beating Rowton[§] also for the Ascot cup, with the same mare (Robinson riding against Chifney), after running one dead heat, was one of the grandest events of the last racing season. He is now in possession of the two great Newmarket challenge prizes, the cup and the whip, by the aid of this good mare; and if she continues to run in her old form, she will be pretty certain to obtain for him the grand prize, the foot of Eclipse, presented to the Jockey Club by his majesty. But one word more for old Lucetta, who must not be eclipsed by the flying daughter of Juniper, the last of his produce. Lucetta with 8st. 9lbs., met the Duke of Grafton's Oxygen (a winner of the Oaks), with 7st. 2lbs., one six years old and the other four, for the Jockey Club plate, at Newmarket, Beacon course. Lucetta won, and the speed was very little short of Childers, as they were but seven minutes in coming to the Duke's stand. Sir Sandford Graham has a small stud, but not the best in the world.

One of the oldest sportsmen at Newmarket is General Grosvenor—but far from being the most fortunate. Indeed it is a trite saying, 'The General is honest, but unlucky,' and this is well said in these slippery times. He won the Oaks in 1807, with *Briseis*, with heavy odds against her, consequently a round sum besides; and, again, in 1825, by Chifney's fine riding with *Wings*, with ten to one against her. He likewise won, with *Blue Stockings*, the Riddlesworth of 1819, perhaps the greatest stake ever won, being, including his own subscription, 5000 guineas! Fortune has also smiled upon him again, for the last year was a winning one. He bought Glaucus for 350 guineas, won 1400 with him, and sold him for 3000!—thus reversing the proverb. But his late winnings have been somewhat unaccountable, his horses having been in the hands, not of a regular bred trainer, but of his north-country colt-breaker, who has been in his service twenty-eight years. They amounted to twenty-five times in nineteen months, previously to the opening of the present season, and he has been a considerable winner at the late Newmarket meetings.

After the father of the turf, we believe Mr. Batson, one of last year's stewards, is about the oldest of the Jockey Club. He has never carried the Epsom honors, although he was placed third with Hogarth, Middleton's year, and ran third this year for the Oaks. But Mr. Batson takes things quietly; and when he has got a good horse, never refuses a good offer, for which we esteem him a wise man. He has a pretty good horse now, Mixbury, by Catton, a favorite for the St. Leger, but we recommend him to put him in his pocket, for he will be safer there—or rather at his banker's—than contending against twenty Yorkshire jockeys. Mr. Rush also is an old jockey, and a very good supporter of the turf, running his horses more for amusement than profit. He also breeds, but his stock does not shine at Newmarket, where he is generally satisfied with a good *third*. In the provincials, however, he is rather more fortunate; and it is something to say he was James Robinson's first master. He had seven or eight horses in training last year. Mr. Biggs is another old member of the Jockey Club, but, like Mr. Batson, is more formidable in the provincials, where he has been a great winner, and hard to beat. Some years since, at Stockbridge, his horse, Camerton, was the winner of a memorable race. Three others started, namely, Sir John Cope's Shoestrings, the late Lord Foley's Offa's Dyke, and the late Lord Charles Somerset's Scorpion. The following was the result. Camerton, ridden by the late Sawyer, who died shortly after, never started again; Shoestrings, by John Day, broke down; Offa's Dyke, by Goodison, went blind, but recovered his sight; and Scorpion, ridden by Joseph Rogers, now trainer at Newmarket, fell dead at the distance-post, from the rupture of a blood-vessel at the heart. The distance was two miles, and only one heat! Mr. Thornhill is one of the best judges of racing at Newmarket, and has one of the largest studs at his seat at Riddlesworth, whence the great Riddlesworth Stakes takes its name. He has won the Derby with Sam, and Sailor, both sons of Scud, and the Oaks with Shoveler, also a daughter of Scud. Previously to Sam's race, this shrewd judge pronounced the Derby stakes in his pocket, and he also picked out Gulnare as winner of the Oaks, for the Duke of Richmond, without the possibility, as he expressed himself, of losing it, barring the accident of a fall.—The strange coincidence of his winning the Derby with *Sailor* by *Scud*, during a violent gale of wind, will, perhaps, never be forgotten at Epsom! Mr. Thornhill owns Æmilius, the celebrated sire of Priam, (whom he bred) Oxygen, &c., whose price is forty guineas. Colonel Udney's name stands high at Newmarket, but he has lately all but retired from the turf. He won the Derby with Æmilius, and the Oaks with Corinne, and has had quite his share of 'most of the good things at Newmarket,' as Buckle said, who was the Colonel's principal jockey. He was once confederate with Mr. Payne, uncle to the gentleman of that name now on the turf.

Mr. Lechmere Charlton has been on the turf more than twenty years, having run third on the Oaks in 1811, and has been an owner of several good horses—Master Henry, perhaps, the best. He has likewise been a great breeder of racers, and besides Henry, (whom he purchased cheaply for 700 guineas,) had Manfred, Sam, Hedley, Castrel, Banker, Anticipation, as stud horses, and several good mares from the Duke of Grafton and Lord Grosvenor, and, indeed, from any other celebrated studs within his reach. Like all other great breeders, Mr. Charlton has had many public sales, at one of which, the sum of 1900*l* being offered for Henry, by a very badly dressed person in the crowd, he was asked by the Auctioneer for whom he was bidding? '*Here* is my authority,' said the man, pointing to his breeches pocket. A few years ago, Mr. Charlton took rather a curious turn, exchanging the cap and jacket of the race-course for the wig and gown of the courts, and was actually called to the bar. Like Dido's love, however, the passion for racing could not be smothered in the murky atmosphere of Westminster Hall, nearly as gloomy as the vault of Sichaeus; and we now find him with a good string of race-horses. There are not many better judges than Mr. Charlton, though we fear, like all other gentlemen sportsmen, he has paid rather dearly for his experience. Mr. Vansittart has also been a long time on the turf, and ran second last year for the Derby, with Perion, a very formidable horse. He is a breeder of race-horses, and sold a clever colt, called Rockingham, this year, for 1000 guineas, to Mr. Watt. This colt is one of the favorites of the St. Ledger, having the other day won a good stakes at York, beautifully ridden by Darling. Mr. Vansittart is a good judge, and always runs his horses to win, if they can. Mr Hunter, of Six Mile Bolton, near Newmarket, is a first-rate judge of racing, and considered a good bettor. He won the Derby in 1821, with Gustavus, and has since used him as a stud-horse, but not to much profit. The last year, however, he made some amends, by producing Forester, the winner of the July stakes, and several other things, and was backed freely for the Derby, being out of an Orville mare. With the exception of the great card of their pack, all the Peels have a taste for the turf. The Colonel, however, is the only one who has the courage to face Newmarket, which he does with nearly as good a stud as is to be found even there. Amongst them is Archibald, by Paulowitz, the winner of the 2000 guineas stakes, last year, the Shirley stakes, at Epsom, and the Newmarket St. Ledger, beating the far-famed Margrave,[*] winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, and Beiram. The Colonel is a heavy bettor, and loses with a philosophic indifference, worthy of a nobler cause. Mr. Massey Stanley, son of Sir Thomas, has a new, but neat stud, and one very good horse, called Crutch, a great winner of last year. Mr. Sowersby has likewise a pretty stud which he uses, like a gentleman, for his amusement. Mr. Scott Stonehewer is of the same class. In the latter gentleman's stable is Variation, a winner of the Oaks, in 1830. Mr. Payne has also a small stud, not winners, we fear, neither is he a judicious bettor. Lastly, Mr. Osbaldiston has made his appearance on the heath, not as the Hercules horseman, as he proved himself in the awful match against time, but as the owner of a string of race-horses. We had rather see *the Squire* with his hounds, in Northamptonshire, where nothing can eclipse his fame.

Of the public racing men at Newmarket, Messrs. Crockford, Gully, Ridsdale, Sadley, the Chifneys, &c., we need not to say much, their deeds being almost daily before us. But, looking at the *extraordinary* results of these men's deeds, who will not admit racing to be the best trade going? Talk of studs, talk of winnings, talk of racing establishments, our Graftons, Richmonds, Portlands, and Clevelands, with all their 'means and pliances to boot,' are but the beings of a summer's day, when compared with those illustrious personages, and their various transactions and doings on the turf. Here is a small tradesman dealing in a very perishable commodity, become our modern Croesus in a few years, and proprietor of *several* of the finest houses in England! Behold the champion of the boxing ring, the champion of the turf, the proprietor of the noble domain, and honorable member of the reformed parliament, all in the person of a Bristol butcher! Turn to a great proprietor of coal-mines, the owner of the best stud in England, one who gives 2000 guineas for a horse, in the comely form of a Yorkshire footman! We have a quondam Oxford livery stable-keeper, with a dozen or more race-horses in his stalls, and those of the very best stamp, *and such as few country gentlemen, or, indeed, any others, have a chance to contend with.* By their father's account of them (see Genius Genuine, by the late Sam. Chifney) the two Messrs Chifney were stable boys to Earl Grosvenor at eight guineas a-year, and a stable suit. They are now owners of nearly the best horses, and—save Mr. Crawford's—quite the best houses in their native town. There is the son of the ostler of the Black Swan, at York, betting his thousands on the heath, his neckerchief secured by a diamond pin. Then to crown all, there is Squire Beardsworth of Birmingham, with his seventeen race-horses, and his crimson liveries, in the same *loyal*, but dirty town, in which he once drove a hackney coach. Taking for granted that all this is done honestly, why should we despair of having the gratification of seeing the worthy little *devil* who trots with this sheet to Stamford Street, appear some fine morning on Newmarket heath, with his seventeen race-horses, his crimson liveries, and his diamond pin?

It rarely happens that what are called provincial studs do much in what may be termed the capitals of the racing world, but we cannot forget Lord Oxford beating the crack nags at Newmarket,—Eaton among the rest,—with Old Victoria, and his Hedgeford Jockey, the late Tom Car; Mr. Glover winning the Craven with Slender Billy; and, though last, not least, the great Worcestershire grazier, (the late Mr. Terret, tenant of Mr. Lechmere Charlton) taking his fine Rubens horse, Sovereign, in his bullock caravan, to Newmarket, winning the St. Leger stakes with him in a canter; and, what was still less expected, his rural jockey, Ben Moss, out-jockeying the best riders on the heath. Neither will the same jockey's performance on Lady Byron, over the course, to the benefit of the said grazier, be very soon forgotten. But we must not enter upon the large subject of the provincial studs.

Deservedly high as Newmarket stands in the history of the British turf, it is but as a speck on the ocean when compared with the sum total of our provincial meetings, of which there are about a hundred and twenty in England, Scotland, and Wales—several of them twice in the year. Epsom, Ascot, York, Doncaster, and Goodwood stand first in respect to the value of the prizes, the rank of the company, and the interest attached to them by the sporting world, although several other cities and towns have lately exhibited very tempting bills of fare to owners of good race-horses. In point of antiquity, we believe the Roodee of Chester claims precedence of all country race-meetings;—and certainly it has long been in high repute. Falling early in the racing year—always the first Monday in May—it affords a good trial for young horses, and there is plenty of money to be run for by the old ones, who come out fresh and well. This meeting is most numerously attended by the families of the extensive and very aristocratic neighborhood in which it is placed, and always continues five days. The course is far from a good one, being on a dead flat, with rather a sharp turn near home, in consequence of which several accidents have occurred, particularly previously to some late improvements.[*] When we state that there are nine good sweepstakes, a king's plate, two very valuable cups, and five plates at Chester, its superiority as a country meeting will speak for itself.

The Eaton stud now cuts a poor figure on the far-famed Roodee. Mr. Clifton is no more but his memory will live at Chester for many years to come. Lord Stamford and his Sir Olivers have deserted it. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn has not a race-horse; neither has Mr. Mytton, one of the greatest supporters of this meeting. Sir Thomas Stanley is no longer "cock of the walk," nor can Sir George Pigot run second. Lord Derby stands his ground, and so does *parson* Nanney (*scripsisse pudet!*); but Messrs. Houldsworth, Giffard, Walker, Beardsworth, and a few more fresh competitors of the new school, have lately carried most of the north-west country honours.

Epsom, however, ranks first after Newmarket. It is sufficient, perhaps, to state, that there were no less than one hundred and fourteen colts entered for the last Derby stakes, and ninety-seven fillies for the Oaks—their owners paying fifty sovereigns each for those that started, and twenty-five for those that did not. There are, likewise, a gold cup, and several other stakes, as well as three plates. Independently of seeing him *run*, amateur admirers of *the race-horse* have here a fine opportunity of *studying* him in the highest state of his perfection. We allude to the place called *the Warren*, in which the Derby and Oaks horses are saddled and mounted. It is a small, but picturesque bit of ground, in the forest style, inclosed by a wall, and entered by all who choose to pay a shilling. To some it is a great treat to see the celebrated Newmarket jockeys, who may be only known to them by name. A view of half the aristocracy of England, also, is, even in these times, worth a shilling to many. The sporting men, meanwhile, reap much advantage from their anxious inspection of the horses as they walk round this rural circus. They can closely observe the condition of their favourites; and should anything dissatisfy them, they have a chance to hedge *something* before the race is run, although the ring is generally broken up about the time the horses are assembled in *the Warren*.

But what is the sight in *the Warren*, interesting as it really is,—thousands on thousands depending on the result, ruinous perhaps to many—compared with the start for the race! Fancy twenty-four three-year colts, looking like six-year-old horses, with the bloom of condition on their coats, drawn up in a line at the starting-place, with the picked jockeys of all England on their backs, and on the simple fact of which may prove the best, perhaps a million sterling depends. *They are off!* "No, no"—cries one jockey whose horse turned his tail to the others, just as the word "Go" was given. "'Tis sufficient: 'tis no start: *come back!*" roars the starter. Some are pulled up in a few hundred yards—others go twice as far. But look at that chesnut colt—white jacket and black cap—with thousands depending upon him! He is three parts of the way to Tattenham's corner before his rider can restrain him. Talk of agonizing moments!—the pangs of death! what can at all equal these? But there are no winnings without losings, and it is *nuts* to those who have backed him out. Who can say, indeed, but that, his temper being known, the false start may have been *contrived* to accommodate him? However, they are all back again at the post, and each rider endeavouring to be once more well-placed. Observe the cautious John Day, how quietly he manœuvres to obtain an inside *location* for his worthy master, His Grace of Grafton. Look at neat little Arthur Pavis, patting his horse on the neck and sides, and admiring himself at the same time. But his breeches and boots are really good. Watch Sam Chifney minutely, but first and foremost his seat in the saddle—

> ——"Incorpsed and demi-natured
> With the brave beast"—

and his countenance! 'Tis calm, though thoughtful; but he has much to think of. He and his confederates have thousands on the race, and he is now running it in his mind's eye. Harry Edwards and Robinson are side by side, each heavily backed to win. How they are formed to ride! Surely Nature must have a mould for a jockey, for the purpose of displaying her jewel, the horse! And that elegant horseman Sam Day—but see how he is wasted to bring himself to the weight! Observe the knuckles of his hands and the patellæ of his knees, how they appear almost breaking through the skin. But if he have left nearly half of his frame in the sweaters, the remaining half is full of vigour; and we'll answer for it his horse dont't find him wanting in the struggle. Then that slim, young jockey, with high cheek bones, and long neck, in the green jacket and orange cap—surely he must be in a *galloping* consumption! There is a pallid bloom on his sunken cheek, rarely seen but on the face of death, and he wants but the grave clothes to complete the picture. Yet we need not fear. He is heartwhole and well; but having had short notice, has lost fifteen pounds in the last forty-eight hours. *They are off again*—a beautiful start and a still more beautiful sight! All the hues of the rainbow in the colours of the riders and the complexions of their horses! What a spectacle for the sportsmen who take their stand on the hill on the course, to see the first part of the race, and to observe the places their favourites have gotten! *They are all in a cluster*, the jockeys glancing at each other's horses, for they cannot do more in such a crowd. They are soon, however, a little more at their ease; the severity of the ground, and the rapidity of the pace, throw the soft-hearted ones behind, and at Tattenham's corner there is room for observation. "I *think* I can win," says Robinson to himself, "if I can but continue to live with my horses, for I *know* I have the speed of all here. But I must take a strong pull down this hill, for we have not been coming over Newmarket flat. Pavis's horse is going sweetly, and the Yorkshireman, Scott, lying well up. But where is Chifney? Oh! like Christmas, *he's coming*, creeping up in his usual form, and getting the blind side of Harry Edwards. Chapple is here on a *dangerous* horse, and John Day with a stain of old Prunella." *It is a terrible race!* There are seven in front within the distance, and nothing else has a chance to win. The set-to begins; they are all good ones. Whips are at work—the people shout—hearts throb—ladies faint—the favourite is beat—white jacket with black cap wins.

Now a phalanx of cavalry descend the hill towards the grand stand, with *Who has won?* in each man's mouth. "Hurrah!" cries one, on the answer being given; "*my* fortune is made." "Has he, be ——?" says another, pulling up with a jerk; 'I am a ruined man! Scoundrel that I was to risk such a sum! and I have too much reason to fear I have been deceived. Oh! how shall I face my poor wife and my children? I'll blow out my brains." But where is the owner of the winning horse? He is on the hill, on his coach-box; but he will not believe it till twice told. "Hurrah!" he exclaims, throwing his hat into the air. A gipsy hands it to him. It is in the air again, and a gipsy catches it, and half-a-sovereign besides, as she hands it to him once more. "Heavens bless your honor," says the *dark ladye*, "did I not tell your honor you could not lose?"

There are two meetings now at Epsom, as indeed there were more than half a century back, but the October meeting is of minor importance. The grand stand on the course is the largest in Europe, and, to give some idea of its magnificence, it has been assessed to the poor's rate at £500 per annum. The exact expense of its erection is not known to us, but the lawyer's bill alone was 557*l.* Poor distressed England!

Ascot also stands in the foremost rank of *country* races. It is of a different complexion from Epsom, not only by reason of its being graced with royalty, and aristocracy in abundance, but as wanting that crowd of "nobody knows who," which must be encountered on a Derby day, the cockney's holiday. It is likewise out of reach of London ruffians, a great recommendation,—and the strictness of the police makes even thieves scarce. But the charms of Ascot, to those not interested in the horses, consist in the promenade on the course between the various races, where the highest fashion, in its best garb, mingles with the crowd, and gives a brilliant effect to the passing scene. In fact, it comes nearest to Elysium of any thing here, after Kensington Gardens, in "the leafy month of June." Then the King's approach, with all the splendor of majesty, and, what is still more gratifying, amidst the loud acclamations of his subjects, sets the finish on the whole. Long may the royal name be venerable to the English people! This year, if the papers speak true, there has been a falling off in the cheers.

Goodwood is the next great aristocratic meeting in the south, and has monopolized nearly all the racing of those parts. The Drawing-Room, and the Goodwood stakes, and the Cup, are prizes of such high value, that, as birds pick at the best fruit, all crack horses of Newmarket are brought thither to contend for them, and they were last year won by Beiram, Lucetta, and Priam. The corporation of Chichester add £100 to the cup, and his Majesty gives a 100 guineas plate. The course at Goodwood is also one of the best in England, nearly £10,000 having been expended upon it—including the stand and the improvement of the road leading to it—by the Duke of Richmond; but his Grace will be reimbursed, if the meeting continues, by the admission tickets to the stand, &c.

Let us take one glance at that modern Epirus, the county of York, in which there are now twelve meetings in the year—(nearly a century ago there were half as many more). York is one of our oldest race meetings, and was patronized by the great sportsmen of all countries in former days; but the names of Cookson, Wentworth, Goodricke, Garforth, Hutchinson, Crompton, Gascoigne, Sitwell, Pierse, Shafto, and some others, appear indigenous to Knavesmere heath. The money run for last year, at the Spring and August meetings, exceeded £14,600 in plates and sweepstakes. Catterick Bridge, in this county, is also an important meeting, as coming very early in the season, and Richmond and Pontefract are tolerably supported. But what shall we say of Doncaster?

> "Troy once was great, but oh! the scene is o'er,
> Her glory vanish'd! and her name no more!"

And wherefore this? Is it that we miss Mrs. Beaumont in her coach and six, with her numerous outriders? Is it that the lamented Earl Fitzwilliam, with his splendid retinue, is no longer there? Oh no!—the Magnates of Devonshire, Cleveland, Leeds, Londonderry, and Durham, can replace *all that* at any time; but it is the many dirty tricks, the *innumerable* attempts at roguery which have lately been displayed, that have given a taint to Doncaster race-ground, which it will require many years of clean fallow to get rid of. We will not enumerate these vile *faux-pas*—the last, "*the* swindle," as it is termed, the most barefaced of all—but let the noblemen and gentlemen who wish well to Doncaster, and who do not wish to see the meeting expunged from the Racing Calendar, act a little more vigorously than they have hitherto done, and not let villany go unpunished before their eyes. Let a mark be set upon all owners, trainers, and riders of horses, with which tricks are played; let them be driven off the course by order of the stewards; let them never again appear at the starting-post or in the betting-ring; and then, but not till then, will racing be once more respectable. Let us indulge our hopes that this will be the case, and that Yorkshire racing no longer shall be the reproach of the present age. "All these storms that fall upon us," said Don Quixote, "are signs the weather will clear up—the evil having lasted long, the good can't be far off." May it prove so here!

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[*] *Lapdog*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, stood at Nashville, Tenn., last season, at $50, at the stable of Mr. Thos. Alderson.

[†] *Glaucus* has been purchased by Messrs. Merritt, of Va., but remains in England to cover next season.

[‡] *Luzborough*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, covered last season at Franklin, Tenn. Rev. Hardy M. Cryer is his agent.

[§] *Rowton*, by Oiseau, out of Katherina by Woful, will make his next season at his former stand, Woodland, near Columbia, S.C., the seat of Col. Wade Hampton. Price $60.

[*] *Margrave*, by Muley, dam by Election, stood last year in Virginia, he stands this season at Mr. Thomas Alderson's stable, Nashville, Tenn.

[*] The following most extraordinary accident happened here some years back. A colt called "Hairbreadth," by "Escape," the property of the late Mr. Lockley, bolted over the ropes, and coming in contact with an officer of dragoons, Sir John Miller, who was on horseback, was killed by the peak of the helmet entering his skull *when on the head of the baronet*, who escaped with trifling injury!

The alteration in the amount of the St. Leger stakes will do something towards abating trickery at Doncaster. The sum subscribed was twenty-five sovereigns, play or pay. It is now fifty sovereigns, half forfeit. The lightness of the old charge induced several ill-disposed persons to bring their horses to the post, purposely to create *false starts*; and it will be recollected that, in 1827, there were no less than eight of these, to which the defeat of Mameluke was chiefly attributed. The grand stand on this course is one of the finest in England! and if the genius of taste had presided at the building of it, we scarcely know what improvement could have been made. The betting-room has been considered thoroughly *Greek!*

On more accounts than one, our turf proceedings must make foreigners marvel. Some years since, a French gentleman visited Doncaster, and gave it the appellation of "the guinea meeting,"—nothing without the guinea. "There was," said he, "the guinea for entering the rooms to hear the people bet. There was the guinea for my dinner at the hotel. There was the guinea for the stand, for myself, and (Oh! execrable!) the guinea for the stand for my carriage. There was the guinea for my servant's bed, and (ah, mon Dieu!) *ten* guineas for my own, for only two nights!" Now we cannot picture to ourselves Monsieur at Doncaster a second time; but if his passion for the race should get the better of his prudence, we only trust he will not be so infamously robbed again. Indeed, he may assure himself of this, for Doncaster will never be what it has been; nor is it fitting it should be. Neither do we consider it a recommendation to state the amount of the money run for at the last meeting,—viz., £13,918!

Warwick, Manchester, Liverpool, Cheltenham, Bath, and Wolverhampton, are now among our principal country race meetings, and all these have wonderfully increased within the last few years; particularly Liverpool, a very young meeting, but which bids fair to catch the forfeited honors of Doncaster. Stockbridge also is now in repute, owing to the Bibury Club being held there—a renewal of the Burford meeting, one of the oldest in England. Bath and Liverpool have races twice in the year, and the valuable *produce-stakes* which all these young meetings have instituted are likely to ensure their continuance; as to the ever princely-hearted Liverpool, at all events, there can be little fear. Speaking generally, however, nothing fluctuates more than the scene of country racing. Newton, in Lancashire, still keeps its place, but Knutsford and Preston decline, and Oxford, once so good, we may consider gone. At the latter place, indeed, it has been Dilly, Sadler, and Day—then Day, Sadler, and Dilly—winning every thing—till country gentlemen became tired of the changes being rung upon them!

It was high time that a change, to a certain extent, should be made in country racing,—but in some respects it has gone too far,—we allude to the value of the prizes. A hundred years ago, the breeding and training of race-horses costing comparatively little, running for fifty pound plates might have paid. Eclipse, indeed, was nothing but a plate horse, having, in all his running, only won two thousand pounds, and the manor-bowl in the good city of Salisbury! But nothing can, now-a-days be got by plating, and the contest by heats, many of them four miles, with high weights, borders on cruelty. On the other hand, out of nearly thirty races last year at Liverpool, there were only three run at heats, and not one four-mile race. At Newmarket there has been no heat, except for a town plate, since 1772; and this is undoubtedly a most beneficial change, and creditable to the feeling of British sportsmen. This is as it should be; man should on no account inflict unnecessary labor on the horse, and, above all, the race-horse. From no apparent motive but that generous spirit of emulation which distinguishes him above most other animals, and entitles him to our high regard, how he struggles to serve and gratify us! All these things considered, we are inclined to wish well to country racing, as, in itself, a harmless privileged pleasure, which *all* classes have the power to partake of; indeed, we envy not the man whose heart is not gladdened by the many happy faces on a country race-course. In fact, the passion for racing, like that of hunting, is constitutionally inherent in man, and we cannot reform nature without extinguishing it altogether. The Isthmian games suffered no intermission even when Corinth was made desolate—the Sicyonians being permitted to celebrate them until Corinth was again inhabited; and it is certain that during the embarrassments, privations, panics to which England has been exposed during the last twenty years, racing, particularly country racing, has progressively increased, and in many respects improved.

We believe it is admitted that in no country in the world do people ride with so daring a spirit as in the little island of Great Britain, and particularly in our Leicestershire hunts. But riding over a country, and race-riding, if they must be called sister-arts, are *diversaæ tamen*, it being well known that many of our first rate jockies (Buckle among the number, who often attempted it) have made a poor appearance after the hounds. On the turf, however, as on the field, our *gentlemen* "delighting in horses" have, from olden time, been forward to exhibit their prowess,

"Smit with the love of the Laconic boot,
The cap and wig succinct, the silken suit;"

though we take it was not until the Bibury and Kingscote meetings that gentleman-jockeyship arrived at perfection in England. It is beyond a doubt tha. there were gentlemen-jockeys at that time, almost, if not quite, equal to the professional artists, and a few of them nearly in as high practice in the saddlet Amongst these first-rate hands were the present Duke of Dorset, and George Germaine, his brother; Lords Charles Somerset, Milsington, and Delamere, (then Mr. Cholmondeley); Sir Tatton Sykes; Messrs. Delme Radclyffe, Hawkes, Bullock, Worral, George Pigot, Lowth, Musters, Douglas, Probyn, &c. &c. Which was the best of these jockeys it might be invidious to say; the palm of superiority for head, seat, and hand, was generally given to the Duke and Mr. Hawkes; but Messrs. Germaine, Delme, Radclyffe, and Worral, were by some considered their equals. Lord Charles Somerset was a fine horseman, though too tall for a jockey, and he often rode a winner. Mr. Bullock was also very good till his leg and thigh were broken by his horse running against a post, and Mr. Probyn was superior on a hard-pulling horse. Mr. Radclyffe often rode in the Oaks, and continued to ride at Goodwood and Egham, till nearly the last year of his life. All the others have retired, and some to their long home; but it is favorable to this manly pastime, and the temperate habits it induces, to state, that out of seven gentlemen jockeys, who rode thirty-two years ago at Litchfield, only one, Mr. D. Radclyffe, who rode the winner, has died a natural death, all the others being alive, with the exception, of Mr. Bullock, who was drowned.

The eminent jockeys of the present day are Lord Wilton, Messrs. White, Osbaldiston, Bouverie, Peyton, Kent, Molony, two Berkeley's, Platel, Burton, Griffiths, Becher, and others whose names do not this moment occur to us. But looking at the value of the prizes at Heaton Park, for example, (where gentlemen *alone* are allowed to ride,) Bath, Croxton Park, and several other places, we marvel not at the proficiency of these patrician jockeys; and during certain parts of the racing season, such performers as Lord Wilton, Messrs. White, Peyton, Kent, and one or two more of the best of them, are in nearly as much request as the regular hired jockeys, and are obliged to prepare themselves accordingly. Wishing them well, we have but one word to offer them. For the credit of the turf, let them bear in mind what the term *gentleman*-jockey implies, and not, as in one or two instances has been the case, admit within their circles persons little, if anywise, above the jockey by profession. This has been severely commented upon as having led to disreputable practices, with which the name—the sacred name of gentleman—should never have been mixed up. With this *proviso*, and considering what might be likely to take place of "the Laconic boot," were it abandoned, we feel no great hesitation about saying, do,

"Win the plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown."

A new system of racing has lately sprung up in England, which however characteristic of the daring spirit of our countrymen, we know not how to commend. We allude to the frequent steeple-races that have taken place in the last few years, and of which, it appears, some are to be periodically repeated. If those whose land is thus trespassed upon are contented, or if recompense be made to such as are not, we have nothing further to say on that score; but we should be sorry that the too frequent repetition of such practices should put the farmers out of temper, and thus prove hurtful to fox-hunting. We may also take the liberty to remark, that one human life has already been the penalty of this rather unreasonable pastime; and that from the pace the horse must travel at, considerable danger to life and limb is always close at hand. In the last race of this description that came under our observation, we find there were no less than seven falls, at fences, in the space of three miles!*

After the example of England, racing is making considerable progress in various parts of the world. In the East Indies, there are regular meetings in the three different Presidencies, and there is also the Bengal Jockey Club. In the United States, breeding and running horses are advancing with rapid strides; and the grand match at New York, between Henry and Eclipse, afforded a specimen of the immense interest attached to similar events.† In Germany we find three regular places of sport, viz., Gustrow, Dobboran, and New Brandenburg; and the Duke of Holstein Augustenburg has established a very promising one in his country. His Serene Highness, and his brother, Prince Frederick, have each a large stud of horses, from blood imported from England; and amongst the conspicuous German sportsmen, who have regular racing establishments, under the care of English training grooms, are Counts Hahn, Plessen, Bassewitz, (two,) Moltke, and Voss; Barons de Biel, Hertefeldt, and Hammerstein. The Duke of Lucca has a large stud; and the stables at Marlia have been rebuilt in a style of grandeur equal to the ducal palace. At Naples, racing has been established, and is flourishing. Eleven thorough-bred horses were lately shipped at Dover, on their road to that capital, and which were to be eighty days on their journey, after landing at Calais. Prince Butera's breeding stud, on the southern coast of Sicily, is the largest in these parts: it was founded by a son of Haphazard, from a few English mares, and his Highness is one of the chief supporters of Neapolitan horse-racing. In Sweden is some of our best blood; and Count Woronzow and others have taken some good blood-stock to Russia. In Austria, four noblemen subscribe to our Racing Calendar; in Hungary, eight; in Prussia, two. France makes very little progress in racing; it does not suit the taste of that people. But, of all wonders, who would look for racing in good form in Van Diemen's Land? There, however, it is: we perceive several well-bred English horses in the lists of the cattle at Hobart's Town, where they have three days' racing for plates, matches and sweepstakes, (one of fifty sovereigns each) with ordinaries, and balls, and six thousand spectators on the course! This little colony is *progressing* in many odd ways: it turns out, *inter alia*, as pretty an Annual, whether we look to the poetry or the engraving, as any one could have expected from a place of three times its standing—though the *engraving*, to be sure, *may* be accounted for!

The great and leading qualification of a horse bred for the turf, is the immaculate purity of his blood. It is then little less than a misnomer to call a half-bred horse a race-horse; it is like the royal stamp impressed upon base metal. Besides what are called stakes for *horses not thorough-bred* have been the cause of much villainy on the turf, by reason of the owners of full-bred horses producing false pedigrees with them, to enable them to start, when of course they are sure to win. Perhaps the most successful, and at the same time the most impudent case occurred in 1825, when Mr. W—— took about the country a horse which he called "Tom Paine, by Prime Minister, not thorough-bred," and won several large stakes with him, whereas this said Tom Paine was proved to be Tybalt, by Thunderbolt, and out of Lord Grosvenor's Meteora, by Meteor, *the best mare in England* of her day! But, besides, all this, we doubt a good result, as regards the horse and his uses, from these stakes. In the first place, a really half-bred horse will rarely endure severe training,—and if he does, his constitution and temper are all but sure to be ruined by it. Secondly, however good he may be as a half-bred racer, he cannot transmit his base blood to posterity. Again—regular trainers dislike having to do with half-bred horses, and seldom give them fair play, *i. e.* seldom trouble themselves to go out of the usual course with them in their work, *which must be done to bring them well to the post.* Finally, these stakes are also the very hotbed of wrangles; and the system lately adopted of produce stakes for half-bred horses opens a still wider door for villainy and fraud. We wish we could see the turf confined to pure blood.

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* We recommend the uninitiated, who wish to have some notion of a steeple-chase, to study an admirable set of prints on that subject lately published, after drawings by the Hogarth of the chase, Mr. Allen.

† There are two Sporting Magazines now published in America, and one at Stockholm.

Last summer the author of "Melanie" passed a few months at the country residence of a friend, near Cold Spring, opposite West Point, among the Hudson Highlands. It appears that the turn out of his host consisted of a country farm-wagon, and a pair of grey blood-horses, which the poet was in the daily habit of furiously driving through the roughest country perhaps in the world. Willis, however, never went alone,—the vehicle being generally crowded with the fairest and brightest of God's creatures. A friend of our's addicted to rhyme, noticed "the Penciller" and his fair companions dashing one day at a break-neck speed, through the astonished village just mentioned, and, in commemoration of that eve[illegible]perpetrated the subjoined "nonsense-verses," which are [illegible] be lost. Here they are:—

Willis, that literary dragon,
High seated in a country wagon,
Behind two sprightly, dapple greys.—
Whom people notice but to praise,—
With ribbons hard in hand, and whip
That made the foaming horses skip,
And fly, like swallows on the wing,
Or arrows from the bow's tight string—
Rushed, like a torrent, through Cold Spring.

Six ladies his companions were—
All blooming, beautiful, and fair—
For whose young bones he did not care,—
But that is neither here nor there!

Crack went the lash—away, away,
"Upon the pinions of the wind,
All habitations left behind"—
Dogs barked—but Willis could not stay!
His whip was right—his whip was left—
His whip was all about;
Now on the neck, now on the flank,
Fiercely it came, and deeply sank,
And blood began to spout!
No matter; nothing could retard
The furious driving of the bard!

Away, away, away went he,
Away went wagon, freight, and all,
Like dolphins 'fore a shark at sea,
Or light clouds driven by the storm!
Willis is your man to drive—
Willis is your man to steer,—
His barque's the soonest to arrive—
His horses scud like mountain deer.

Everything goes hurry-scurry,
All things does he in a hurry.
When he strikes his golden lyre,
Feels he not celestial fire?—
When he nibs his pen for prose,
Dash, and slash, and off he goes!
Time was never made to waste.
In a hurricane of haste
Everything he does is done
By this offspring of the sun!
'Tis the cause, the muses tell,
He does everything so well.

MORAL.

Well, my lady muse, what then?
"*Judge him not like other men.*"

Brief Authority.—While in this state of defection, I was joined by George Edward Fitz Augustus Seaton, a colored man, who discharged the functions of waiter at the City Hotel. He informed me that he was going to market, "for de special object," as he declared, of purchasing wegetables and other animal matter, for de immediate consumption of de establishment." Having nothing particular to do, I agreed to accompany George Edward Fitz-Augustus; and we accordingly set out for Catherine Market. When we arrived at that depot of natural, animate, and inanimate productions, my companion walked up to the wagon of a fat countryman, and after peering for some time at his stock, inquired, "If dose taters were good ones?" "Yes, sir," responded the countryman. "A tater," resumed George Edward Fitz-Augustus, "is inewitably bad unless it is inwariably good. Dere is no mediocracy in de combination of a tater. De exterior may appear remarkably exemplary and beautisome, while de interior is totally negative. But, sir, if you wends de article upon your own recommendation, I without any further circumlocution takes a bushel.

George Edward now passed to the stall of a dealer in eggs and butter, and taking a quarter of a dollar from his vest pocket, commenced an inspection of the latter commodity. "You call dat good butter?" demanded he with a disagreeable expression upon his countenance, as if an ill flavor suddenly inhaled. "Yes sir, I do—as good butter as comes to this or any other place." "What you tink 'bout axing for dat butter?" "Twenty-five cents." And do you suppose, for de moment, dat your butter extenifys to such extreme waluation?—nasty, rancid stuff, churned over for de'casion!—old butter renowated!"—said the indignant George Edward, moving off; "but dats de kind of negociation I frequently meets wit in dis market!" Knickerbocker.

At what gate (gait) do lame people generally enter Icdependence Square?
Ans.—At a walk.

Varieties.

The following return appeared on the back of an execution issued by a justice not far from this Place: the execution, it will be recollected commands the constable to levy the debt and costs on the goods and chattels of defendant, but for want of *sufficient distress*, to take the body to the jail of the county. Tioga Gaz.

"Went to house of defendant and found no property, but there being sufficient distress in the family I did not take the body to the jail.
"So answers——————, Constable."

An Eastern paper says that a certain well known political leader in the town of Bristol, on retiring to rest a few nights since, stript himself, put his candle in the bed, by which the bed took fire, and placing himself upon the stand, and mistaking his *nose* for the luminary, clapped the extinguisher over it, and smothered himself to death. N. Y. Emigrant.

Speaking of the unprecedented speed of the locomotive on the New Jersey railway, the Rashway Advocate observes "two inches more of steam, Mr. Smith, and the trip through would not have been perceived at all." This is about equal to the company who advertise to convey passengers on their line [*even quicker than they can stay at home!* Ib.

Burton the comedian, in "Rhymes and chimes on the signs of the times," says—

"Butcher's meat has ris,
And I'm told it will be riser,
But 'tis as 'tis,
And can't be any tiser."

Taking the Veil.—We have recorded several instances of beautiful young creatures, tired of the world, or the world's neglect, taking the veil at convents.—We have now another instance to record. A hungry *mare* in the market, on Saturday evening last, very deliberately seized hold of the veil of a lady standing by, and without even saying "by your leave, madam," chewed it up in a jiffy. This we call taking the veil without "benefit of clergy." Baltimore Transcript.

Point of Honor with a Bear.—While on this theme we will add another anecdote of an adventure with a grizzly bear, told of John Day, the Kentucky hunter, but which happened at a different period of the expedition. Day was hunting in company with one of the clerks of the company, a lively youngster, who was a great favorite with the veteran, but whose vivacity he had continually to keep in check. They were in search of deer, when suddenly a huge grizzly bear emerged from a thicket, about thirty yards distant, rearing himself upon his hind legs with a terrific growl, and displaying a hideous array of teeth and claws. The rifle of the young man was levelled in an instant; but John Day's iron hand was quickly upon his arm. "Be quiet, boy! be quiet!" exclaimed the hunter, between his clenched teeth, and without turning his eyes from the bear. They remained motionless. The monster regarded them for a time, then, lowering himself on his fore-paws, slowly withdrew. He had not gone many paces before he again turned, reared himself on his hind legs, and repeated his menace. Day's hand was still on the arm of his young companion; he again pressed it hard, and kept repeating between his teeth, "Quiet, boy!—keep quiet!—keep quiet!"—though the latter had not made a move since his first prohibition. The bear again lowered himself on all fours, threatened some twenty yards further, and again turned, reared, and showed his teeth and growled. This third menace was too much for the game spirit of John Day. "By Jove!" exclaimed he, "I can stand this no longer;" and in an instant a ball from his rifle whizzed into the foe. The wound was not mortal; but, luckily, it dismayed instead of enraging the animal, and he retreated into the thicket. Day's young companion reproached him for not practising the caution which he enjoined upon others. "Why, boy," replied the veteran, "caution is caution; but one must not put up with too much even from a bear. Would you have me suffer myself to be bullied all day by a varmint?" Washington Irving's Astoria.

Singular Encounter.—A few evenings since as one of the worthy Dogberries of the Northern Liberties was walking his weary round at a dead hour of the night, pondering, no doubt, on the comforts of a good coal fire or a feather bed, and at intervals lulling the drowsy citizens into a more profound drowsiness with his usual announcement of the progress of time and the state of the weather—he was suddenly arrested by an apparition of the most fearful character, just above him, on the eaves of a small house, apparently of another and by no means better world. It bore the shape of a man, but its long tail was raised and kept in a kind of spiral and menacing motion. Its eyes glared with supernatural fire, and its face was writhed into a sardonic and satanic grin. The poor watchman stood as if thunder stricken.—He gazed in silence—the cold dew gathered on his forehead, and his limbs shook as with an ague. The apparition appeared to enjoy his terrors, and grinned with barbarous delight, switching its tail with fresh energy and bending its body towards the affrighted Charley.

The watchman gazed and shuddered. Was he dreaming? He rubbed his eyes again, and turned them towards the object of his terror. He saw the evil one leap—saw its form dart through the air—and felt its weight upon his back. There was no mistake—there could be none. He felt his arms around his neck. He rushed forward—he shrieked—he called for help—but in vain—his tormentor was still there. In his desperation, he grasped his mace—and aimed a blow at the head that was bent over his shoulder and was chattering in his ears. The blow took effect. The tormentor fell from the back and rolled on the pavement. The watchman followed up his success with fury—he redoubled his blows, nor ceased until the brains of his enemy were scattered around, and his form ceased to struggle. He paused to recover breath—and examined his foe. What was his astonishment to find that the object of his agonized terrors was a *large Monkey!* The animal must have escaped from its owner—and amused itself in the manner described above. Pa. Sentinel.

COMFORT IN TRIBULATION.

Our brother of the North Alabama Star, thus consoles himself for the defeat of our cause in Jackson county, in that State. We congratulate him on the philosophy with which he bears it.

"We have met the enemy," and we are—*theirs!* we have fought the good fight, and have been soundly drubbed for our pains—a *pains* taking business we have made of it indeed! Beaten out of time—out of tune—out of reason; and almost out of hope. Out of patience the surely smitten patriarch of old would have been had he been in our situation. We are entirely out of spirits, out of breath—a leetle out of temper, and somewhat disposed to run out of the county. We have "wasted our sweetness" on a "desert air." We have lost our time (but that was not much)—lost our money (and that was still less,) and lost our vote (that choked us!)

One thing we have *not* lost, and that is our *appetite;* but unless we find more friends than faced us on Monday, we very much fear that would have been the most convenient loss of all.

We do not boast of much philosophy, but we have learned a little from our esteemed friends Jacob Faithful and Phineas Cophagus, which we intend reducing to practice, and we commend our friends to follow our example. The recipe is short and sweet, like our hopes in Jackson county—"no use in crying over spilt milk"—"better luck next time"—"mad world—brains hot—bad! get cool—by-and-bye—good! see clear—vote right—hem! and so on." We can console ourselves, as did the unfortunate but inspired poet, who beautifully sung—

I've lost my mistress, horse and wife!
But when I think of human life,
I'm glad it is no worse—
My mistress had grown lean and old—
My wife—a slattern and a scold—
I'm sorry for my—*horse!*

Our time hung heavy on our heads—our money was troublesome from the difficulty of retaining it. Both could be spared—but our vote! *We are sorry for our vote.*

FIRST RECEPTION OF A BAD ACTOR.

From a smartly-written work, showing much acute and just observation, entitled Bilberry Thurland.

"At length the forbearance of the audience was exhausted, and they began to hiss. This highly excited Bilberry's anger, and, instead of producing the effect desired, made him more resolute to sing in spite of them. The audience, on the contrary, determined to be master, so that his opposition only called forth such yelling, groaning, hissing, hooting, and stamping, that not a word or a note could be heard, though Bilberry bellowed something or other in grand style. In the midst of this uproar, three or four turnips were hurled at him from the back of the pit, after which quickly followed a matter of some ten or twenty potatoes, together with a small fry of nut-shells and rotten apples. Bilberry fell now into a dreadful rage, and looking fiercely at the spectators, shook his fist, and swore that if they fetched a legion of devils to help them, he would not be driven from his present position. Another shower of missiles was the only answer he received; upon which, now driven frantic, he picked up the turnips and potatoes lying about him, and began to hurl them back into the midst of the pit with terrible velocity. His father now rushed on to the stage, and attempted to drag him away, but Bilberry struck him an ingenious blow on the stomach, which sent him staggering backward, until he fell into a witch's cauldron that stood behind. Broken benches and stones, for the insulted spectators had found their way under the seats to the paved floor on which the booth was erected, now flew rapidly about, demolishing scenery and lamps at a dreadful rate. The destruction excited the ire of the proprietor, Bilberry's father; he rushed out by a back way, and ran down to the police-office for constables. Meantime, the demons of the pit did not slacken their fire, nor Bilberry the returning of it, until the whole stage looked in a fair way for being demolished. Mrs. Thurland and four of the male actors now rushed on, in defiance of danger, to Bilberry's assistance and the protection of their property. Each one shouted to the top of his voice; but to obtain a hearing was impossible. They, therefore, were reduced to the necessity of making an impression in another manner, which they did by all following Bilberry's example, and trying, if possible, to pelt the pit empty."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 7, 1837.

"CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS."

What a pity it is that there are people in this world that cannot take a joke. Now, we said nothing in our two last papers respecting "the compliments of the season"—about wishing our readers "a merry Christmas" or "a happy New Year," for the very sufficient reason that the amount of our good wishes towards our readers was *inexpressible*, whereat sundry Miss Nancys have construed our silence into heedlessness, a want of feeling, or inattention to the usages of society and the press. We should like to see the man upon whose "dome of thought" the bumps of benevolence and amiability are more strong developed than upon our own. Why, our bump of destructiveness a musquitoe could not stub his toe against, while our organ of generosity, and those which by phrenologists are said to demonstrate the possession of "pretty much all" the social virtues, are so prominent, that it is a matter of indifference which is selected to hang a hat on. For *us* to wish our readers "a happy New Year," would sound to most of them as if we had expressed a hope that they might be lucky for the twelve months to come, and so *get a dinner occasionally!* A happy New Year! Why, *that* isn't a circumstance compared with the sum total of our good wishes. We wish them to live as happily as we *intend* to one of these days—to serve heaven, read the Spirit of the Times, scold Amos Kendall, and pay their postage. To our fair friends we wish more sweethearts and christenings—to our old ones enlargement of their hearts to enjoy the goods the gods provide. We might "talk like a father" to several other classes of our good-natured subscribers, for it is said that "out of the mouths of babes," et cetera, which latter clause of the sentence our modesty and Miss Martineau forbid the mention. As John Randolph said of his constituents, the readers of the Spirit of the Times are the most bang-up, out-and-out clever fellows between this and the jumping-off place of creation, and we will lay out cold as a wagon-tire any "vagrant he" that disputes there is one of them that cannot boast of the prettiest wife, the fastest horse, the surest rifle, and the ugliest dog in the universal Yankee nation.

TO SECRETARIES OF JOCKEY CLUBS.

On Saturday, the 18th of February, will be issued the 1st number of a new volume of the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES—the VIIth, in which will be commenced our annual *Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses* for 1836. We shall commence with the winners of FOUR MILE HEATS, and it shall not be our fault if it is not the most authentic and complete report ever published in the Union. Several Jockey Club, and other race meetings in different sections of the country, have neither been reported in the local newspapers, or communicated to the sporting world through a more legitimate medium, and we have to request the clerks of such courses to furnish a report forthwith, through such a channel as they may deem proper, in order that in compiling a tabular record of "the fleetest and stoutest" of the past season, positive injustice may not be done to Breeders and Turfmen by the omission of the hardly-earned and never failing victories of their stock.

We have addressed ourselves in the foregoing remarks "to Secretaries of Jockey Clubs," but they are not entirely inapplicable to Turfmen themselves. They do not in too many instances, make it the *imperative duty* of the clerks of the courses over which their horses run, to publish a full, true, and particular report, without which, the value of their stock is depreciated, and reputation gained in many a well fought field thrown away. How many a horse is bought every season at a high price, without, perhaps, being seen, from reading reports of his races? And how is the value and reputation of a stock horse advanced by seeing winners of his get occasionally or frequently recorded? If gentlemen on the turf would bear this in mind, and hint to the secretaries of their respective associations that they "expect every man to do his duty," it may prove more to their advantage than they wot of.

Having "given fair warning" in the premises, we trust that those whom it may concern, will acquit us of blame if the performances of their horses are not duly placed on record. We have "a mile" of odds and ends of "newspaper reports" on hand, and shall soon commence their publication if full reports are not forwarded directly from the proper quarter.

The printer's devil tells us this morning (Friday), "*Sir, it's no use sending down any more copy—can't go in, Sir, the paper's full, now!*" The fact is, several important articles came to hand at so late an hour, that we are obliged to postpose many until next week that are now in type.

A most heart-rending shipwreck took place on Hempstead beach, within 20 miles of this city, on Tuesday last, by which *One Hundred and Eight persons perished!* Eight only escaped from the wreck.

The list of splendid *Sweepstakes* to be run over the Union Course, that closed on the 1st inst., will be found on the last page. It was received after the firs side of to-day's paper had been printed, and we have inconvenienced ourselves to make room for it.

RODOLPH AND JOHN BASCOMB.

SCOTT COUNTY, (Ken.,) Dec. 18, 1836.

MR. EDITOR,—We have been anxiously expecting an answer from Col. CROWELL, on the part of *Bascomb*, to the challenge of *Rodolph*. It is apprehended that there will not be a match between those horses on the terms proposed in the challenge referred to.

A rumor has reached us from Augusta, that Col. Crowell was quite indignant at the challenge, alledging that it would be impracticable for his horse to travel to Kentucky and be properly prepared for a race in the month of May,—that he considered the proposition unfair, and would not accept it. It is, moreover, said, that Col. Crowell avows a wish to meet Rodolph at Nashville, Tenn., as a half way ground.

Desirous that Rodolph should be matched with Bascomb on terms perfectly fair and equal, and fearing that the race would not be made, I shall make some suggestions with the hope that they may promote a match between them.

In the first place I will state, that, be the opinion abroad what it may, Rodolph's challenge was not vainglorious—not put forth with the belief that such advantages were reserved as to preclude its acceptance. The circumstances which led to the challenge were these:—There are two leading courses in Kentucky, one at Lexington, the other at Louisville. The match between Rodolph and Angora was run over the course at Louisville. The Association at Lexington was desirous of a similar compliment and benefit, and the owners of Rodolph consented that a proposition for a race over that course should be made, from courtesy to that Association. The owners of Rodolph were desirous to engage him in a sweepstake with any horses in America, to be run at any point agreed upon as most convenient to the horses entered, but forbore such a proposition to oblige their friends at Lexington. The challenge was addressed to Bascomb, because he stood at the head of the turf, and because it was thought probable that he would accept it. It was said that Col. Crowell had authorized a gentleman who was present at the match at Louisville on the 21st September, to close a race with the winner for $20,000, and it was also said that Col. Crowell, whilst in Kentucky in August, remarked, that if Rodolph should beat Angora, he would beat him with Bascomb at Lexington.

If it be true that Col. Crowell desires to meet Rodolph at Nashville, I trust he will make the proposition, and I venture to predict that it will be promptly acceded to. If he will propose it as a sweepstake, $20,000 entrance, it will be still more brilliant and attractive; if a sweepstake, the distance should be reduced to sixty yards. If Tennessee and Alabama are not yet satisfied that the Leviathans can't go the distance, there will surely be a third entry. If it is thought that Bascomb cannot be made ready in May, the race can be deferred until June, or even until September or October. In the event of the race being postponed until Fall, it should by all means be made a sweepstakes, as time would be afforded to horses in all quarters of the Union to reach either Lexington or Nashville, and the magnitude of the stake would probably induce other entries.

A KENTUCKIAN.

☞ Several communications, and other articles in type, unavoidably crowded out of to-day's paper, will appear next week.

LIFE IN THE FAR WEST.

BATESVILLE, (Arkansas), Dec. 4, 1836.

DEAR P.—I reached home last night, and avail myself of the few moments between this and the closing of the mail to give you a "*hasty line*."

On my way over I staid one night with John Magress.—I reached his house in the night.—I had heard on the road of his using up sundry bears.—Of course, the first thing I said to the old lady was, "give us bear meat for supper." The way she fried was the right way—such a cracking of the jaws you never did see. Have you ever put your grinders on bear meat? [*In* course; how else could we measure six feet two, in our stockings?]—if not, you don't know what is good. Magress came in a while after dark with a fat cub; next morning we took breakfast off of him. I believe I fattened six pounds in as many hours.

In reply to my inquiries, M. told me there was a right smart sprinkling of bears about three miles off. He had used up eleven. Capt. Bean has been but little in the woods in consequence of indisposition.

Poor *Post Boy!* I could have better borne the death of a near sixth cousin than his defeats. I am shocked at the feeling which allowed so noble an animal to be killed up by running him out of condition. Three cheers for old *Ratler*.—If his sons and daughters did not figure, his GRAND-CHILDREN, *Mingo*, *Atalanta*, and *Experiment*, are gathering laurels for him.

After all the speculation, *Elis* has won the St. Leger. I have no doubt he and *Bay Middleton* are the best colts of the season.

Bets are being made that *Cohoama* will not start. ["A Daniel come to judgment!"] A word in your ear: bet he takes the first heat, and *Linnet* the money; or, bet a certain sum he wins the first heat, and the same sum that the winner of the first heat wins the money; but do not make one bet without making the other. The heavy betting race would be the following, supposing they were all in condition:

Four mile heats.—Sweepstakes, $5000 subscription.
John Bascomb by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet.
Linnet, by Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy.
Rodolph by Archy Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses.
Mingo by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Ratler.
Post Boy by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc.

The Postmaster is bawling to me, so good bye,

Truly yours, N.

VICKSBURG (Miss.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Our special correspondent writes from Natchez, under date of the 12th Dec., that on the Saturday previous he forwarded a complete report of the Vicksburg Races, enclosing also $50: neither the report nor the remittance has reached us, and we accordingly avail ourselves of a report in the "Vicksburg Register," and such facts as are furnished by the subsequent letters of our correspondent.

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NEW VICKSBURG JOCKEY CLUB.

FIRST DAY, *Wednesday*, Dec. 7, 1836.—Jockey Club Purse, $200; ent. $20. Mile heats.

John S. Gooch's b. f. *Maria Moore*, by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	2 1 1
A. Johnson's ch. f. *Puss*, by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	4 2 2
Col. Robt. Smith's f. *Ellen Davis*, by Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 2 yrs. 67 lbs	1 3 3
P. W. Ward's ch. g. *Blinkey*, by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	3 dr.

Time, 1:58—2:1—1:59.

Stockholder

SECOND DAY.—J. C. Purse $300; ent. $30. Two mile heats.

Col. Adam L. Bingaman's gr. g. *Mogul*, by [redacted] out of Berry's gr. mare, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	3 1 1
Col. Osman Claiborne's ch. h. *Henry Martin*, by Industry, dam by Multum in-Parvo, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	4 4 2
Col. Robt. Smith's gr. m. *Daniel O'Connell*, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam by Imp. Sir Harry, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1 3 3
Wm. J. Minor's ch. h. *Mid-Lothian*, by Sir Charles, dam by Diomed, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	5 2 4
W. W. Hurt's gr. h. *Shylock*, by Medley, dam by Powhattan, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	2 5 dis.

Time, 4:6—4:12—4:18.

THIRD DAY.—J. C. Purse $500; ent. $50. Three mile heats.

Col. Adam L. Bingaman's ch. c. *John Minor*, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1 1
Col. O. Claiborne's b. f. *Viola*, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	4 2
Col. Robt. Smith's b. f. *Purity*, by Whip, dam not given, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	2 3
A. Walker's b. c. ——, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	3 dis.

Time, 6:22—6:21.

Same Day—Proprietor's Purse $300; ent. $100 each, added. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. Robert Smith's b. f. *Helen Davis*, by Leviathan, dam by Napoleon, 2 yrs. 67 lbs	4 3 1 1 1
John H. Gooch's b. h. *Kinlock*, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1 1 2 2 dis.
Shelby Smith's ch. f. *Mary Howell*, by Arab, dam by Rocket, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	3 2 dis.
F. Pinckard's b. f. *Fanny Kemble*, by Sidi Hamet, dam by Potomac, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	2 4 dis.

A very beautiful race—time not reported.

FOURTH DAY.—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; ent. $100. Four mile heats.

Col. Osman Claiborne's b. f. *Hinda*, (late Susan Yandell), by Sir Rihard, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	1 1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. *Tuscahoma*, by Leviathan, dam by Bertrand, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	2 2
W. W. Hurt's ch. h. *Sterling*, by Sir Charles, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	dis.

Time, 8:10—8:11.

Our correspondent writes that Tuscahoma is considered by her spirited owner, (Col. BINGAMAN of Natchez), one of the best nags he has ever trained; the fact gives increased reputation to Hinda. Both possess great beauty and are of high racing form with fine action. An incident occurred after the race which gave additional eclat to the sports of the day, and which displays in bold relief the gallantry of the Southern character. Immediately after Col. Claiborne's *Hinda* was declared the winner, the Judges handed the purse of $1000 to her jockey, who was ordered to ride up to the Ladies' stand, and present it to MRS. CLAIBORNE! The stand was crowded with ladies, and the little jockey, on Hinda, performed his part with the grace of the Knight of Ivanhoe, when at the tournament he kneeled before the peerless Rowena, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, to receive the victor's badge from the fair hand of his lady-love. When this interesting scene was enacted the enthusiasm of the spectators made the welkin ring.

Same Day.—J. C. Purse $200; ent. $20 each, added. One mile heats.

F. Pinckard's bl. f. *Rachel Jackson*, by Mercury, dam not given, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1
Col. Robt. Smith's gr. h. *Daniel O'Connel*, (pedigree given above), 4 yrs. 100 lbs	2
Col. O. Claiborne's gr. g. *Van Buren*, by Sir Richard, dam not given, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	3
W. W. Hurt's br. f. *Twilight*, by Sir Charles, dam by Aristotle, 5 yrs. 107 lbs	4
Shelly Smith's ch. f. *Kate Biddle*, by Kosciusko, dam by Tiger, 6 yrs.	dr.

Time not reported.

Our correspondent writes that Mr. CROW, the proprietor of the Course is entitled to great praise for the good order of the track and fixtures. Not the slightest accident occurred during the meeting, or any circumstance calculated to mar the general hilarity which existed throughout. The track was heavy, though the time made is respectable. The present was the first Spring meeting of the new Club, (the officers, etc., of which we published some time since), and has been so well supported by the enterprizing citizens of Vicksburg, that it bids fair to become one of the most extensive and popular associations in the country.

A highly respected Maryland correspondent writes that two black Arabians, or Barbs, were recently sold by auction at Washington; one of them was purchased by a gentleman of Virginia, and our correspondent is desirous to know where that one is—how he is distinguished, his owner's address, etc.

English Sporting Varieties.

By the arrival of the packet ship *George Washington*, Capt. Britton, we have received London papers, etc., to the 25th Nov., and Liverpool to the 26th, the day which Capt. B. sailed. The political news is unimportant, but amends are made by the intelligence from the sporting and theatrical world.

We have received the Alphabetical List of *English Winning Horses* for 1836, down to the letter M inclusive, and shall publish it entire when the remainder is furnished. As some time may elapse before that occurs, we compile the following brief summary for the information of those interested in imported blood stock:—

Actæon,	son of	Scud,	has	6	winners.	No. of	prizes	16
Battledore,	"	Sir Oliver,	"	4	"	"	"	10
Bedlamite,	"	Wellbeck,	"	7	"	"	"	11
Bizarre,	"	Orville,	"	3	"	"	"	7
Blacklock,	"	Whitelock,	"	4	"	"	"	6
Brutandorf,	"	Blacklock,	"	4	"	"	"	6
Bustard,	"	Castrel,	"	1	"	"	"	5
Cain,	"	Paulowitz,	"	8	"	"	"	17
Camel,	"	Whalebone,	"	9	"	"	"	23
Canteen,	"	Waxy Pope,	"	3	"	"	"	4
Catton,	"	Golumbus,	"	7	"	"	"	12
Chateau Margaux,	"	Whalebone,	"	5	"	"	"	10
Colonel, The	"	Whisker,	"	12	"	"	"	37
Comus,	"	Sorcerer,	"	5	"	"	"	9
Confederate,	"	Comus,	"	2	"	"	"	4
Corinthian,	"	Comus,	"	3	"	"	"	8
Defence,	"	Whalebone,	"	7	"	"	"	20
Dr Faustus,	"	Filho da Puta	"	3	"	"	"	7
Dr. Syntax,	"	Paynator,	"	4	"	"	"	10
Emilius,	"	Orville,	"	14	"	"	"	26
Figaro,	"	Haphazard,	"	9	"	"	"	27
Filho da Puta,	"	Haphazard,	"	7	"	"	"	15
Fungus,	"	Truffle,	"	4	"	"	"	5
Guerilla,	"	Partisan,	"	2	"	"	"	6
Humph. Clinker,	"	Comus,	"	4	"	"	"	7
Jerry,	"	Smolensko,	"	9	"	"	"	16
Lamplighter,	"	Merlin,	"	3	"	"	"	8
Langar,	"	Selim,	"	24	"	"	"	52
Lapdog,	"	Whalebone,	"	1	"	"	"	5
Leviathan,	"	Muley,	"	1	"	"	"	1
Longwaist,	"	Whalebone,	"	5	"	"	"	9
Lottery,	"	Tramp,	"	16	"	"	"	41
Luzborough,	"	Williamson's Ditto,	"	3	"	"	"	10
Malek,	"	Blacklock,	"	3	"	"	"	5
Mameluke,	"	Partisan,	"	2	"	"	"	7
Master Henry	"	Orville,	"	3	"	"	"	10
Memnon,	"	Whisker,	"	7	"	"	"	8
Merlin,	"	Castrel,	"	3	"	"	"	6
Mulatto,	"	Catton,	"	4	"	"	"	9

Those horses printed in *italics* have been imported into this country. We have not enumerated those horses whose get have won less than 4 prizes, except in the instance of the imported ones.

The Alphabetical List of *Two Year Old Winners*, 1836, we have received *complete* from a foreign correspondent. We have room only to say, that of the stallions imported to America, the following only have got winners:—*Priam* has 2 colts and 3 fillies:—*Shakspeare* has 1 colt and 2 fillies:—*Chateau Margaux* has 1 filly, and *Zinganee* 1 colt and 1 filly.

Latest State of the Odds on the Derby for 1837.—At the present time the list of the odds presents the unusual appearance of three favorites, running neck and neck with each other in public estimation. It will be perceived by the appended list, that they appear at the same figure, though 8½ to 1 was betted against Jereed to a small amount; yet this must not be considered as elevating him above his competitors, since, in another instance, 900 to 100 was bid against him, and also against Brother to Bay Middleton, and 450*l.* to 50*l.* against Defender. As "*books*" are being made on this side the water, the following list and remarks may not be uninteresting:—

THE DERBY. 1837.

9 to 1 agst. Lord Jersey's Bro. to Bay Middleton, by Sultan, out of Cobweb.
9 to 1 — Col. Anson's Jereed, by Sultan, out of My Lady, by Comus.
9 to 1 — Mr. Sadler's Defender, by Defence, dam by Selim.
14 to 1 — Duke of Grafton's Dardenelles, by Sultan, out of Dervise's dam.
16 to 1 — Lord Jersey's Flare-up, by Lamplighter, out of Butterfly.
20 to 1 — Mr. Wreford's Wintonian, by Camel, out of Marianna, by Muley.
28 to 1 — Col. Peel's Clifton, by Cain, out of Mouche, by Emilius.
30 to 1 — Mr. Bowes' Lord Stafford, by Langar, out of Lady Stafford's dam.
35 to 1 — Hon. Mr. Greville's Mango, brother to Pickle, by Emilius.
35 to 1 — Lord Chesterfield's Critic. [We cannot make out his pedigree.]
40 to 1 — Lord Chesterfield's b. c. by The Colonel, out of Miss Clifton.
40 to 1 — Sambo—40 to 1 against May-day.

Under date of the 24th Nov., a correspondent writes that "very heavy books have already been made, and the betting daily increases in interest. There has never occurred perhaps a time when so many nags of the Derby having been mentioned in the betting circle." Flare-up stands with the odds 16 to 1 against him, though we are not aware that he has publicly accomplished any thing that would warrant so respectable a position in the list; but he is known to be a very promising colt, to go well, and to have remarkably good fore legs. Scott's stable, as usual, contains a considerable number of horses which have been named for the ensuing Derby; but from the circumstance of very long odds being offered against any individual nag, it would seem to have sunk below its general formidable character; however, a dark horse has not unfrequently emerged from it in the nick of time, and carried off the prize—*Mundig* and *Cyprian* for instance; the former winning the Derby in 1835, after one of the most severe struggles ever witnessed; the latter proving successful for the Oaks in 1836, just passed.

Although the proceedings of the betting circle were unusually languid during last week, as far at least as regards book entries, they were interesting, nevertheless, particularly in regard to Defender and Wintonian; while the Houghton meeting was progressing at Newmarket, the former made a considerable advance in the estimation of those who study that "interesting branch of modern analysis, the doctrine of chances;" which movement was not only confirmed the following week in London, but urged still more forward by the confidence of his friends. The latter (Wintonian) made an early appearance in the list of the odds; but his claim to this distinction was acknowledged or recognised by a long figure against him; and, though he was not entirely obscured by the dazzling and superior brilliancy of stars of greater magnitude in the betting constellation, he emitted or sent forth only a flickering light, which seemed in continual danger of extinguishment. At length, however, this little lengthy colt, who goes in the true racing form, excited attention, and his claim to advancement was completely acknowledged by the proceedings of last week. Wintonian is justly entitled to this mark of public favor, as his performances, during the season which has just closed, sufficiently testify. He came out at Winchester, and won 200 sovs., beating a numerous field; he also won the Levant Stakes, of 450 sovs., at Goodwood, against three good competitors; at the Newmarket Second October meeting he won 50 sovs., in defiance of the exertion of nine promising racers. Wintonian is by Camel, out of Monimia, and is one of the few successful racers which have descended from the horse just mentioned.

THE ST. LEGER FOR 1837.

10 to 1 offered in town on the field, bar one, and offers to take 600 to 500 that Henriade beats Cardinal Puff; at Manchester they take 9 to 1 about either.

CHESTER CUP, P. P. (COUNTRY PRICE.)—Offers to bet 10 to 1 on the field.

The Duke of Partland's stallion Tiresias, a winner of the Derby (beating Sultan, &c.,) died on the 15th November.

Baron Rothchild is entertaining a sporting family at his seat of Ferrieres, composed of diplomatists, ministers, peers, and deputies, with M. Dupin at their head. The Baroness Rothchild and several ladies follow the chase. At a similar rendezvous, last year, between 500 and 660 head of game were killed each day.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE AND THE NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE are as usual varied in their contents, and full of amusing and instructing articles, which must be found acceptable in the sporting world. The plates in the former are, a portrait of ELIS, and a drawing of the Heaton Park cup. In the latter, the "Lion's Den," and a portrait of EURUS, a celebrated greyhound, engraved by Duncan, from a painting by Pitman.

The Earl of Wilton and the Earl of Eglintoun will join the hunt at Melton Mewbray at the close of the month.

THE BRITISH TURF FOR 1836.

Sir,— — London, Nov. 24, 1836.

The racing season for the present year having now terminated, I propose, as at the same period in the past one, trespassing on your columns with a summary of its leading events, and laying down a land-mark or two for the future.

To the grand struggles at Epsom and Doncaster, the mind first reverts: the Derby winner, it is quite evident, would have carried off the Leger with equal ease—presenting what has never been done since 1800—the victor, in both events, combined in the same animal; however, the Southerns had no cause for complaint, as they not only won the St. Leger for the first time since its institution, but they won it with a nag who had done heavy work as a two year old—had been racing this year at Newmarket, as well as at various provincial Meetings, and was sent upwards of 200 miles in a caravan to show them the way to the winning post.

Mark too—our Elis had against him the best field of public performers, though a small one, ever out; that he made his own running more than a mile from home and came out a clear couple of lengths from his competitors.

We may, therefore, rest quite assured, that the Derby and Leger were carried off by the best horse; that the South can at last have fair play as well as give it; and that above all, thorough bred horses are as likely henceforth to keep their "coach and four" as their gallant and sporting proprietors!

The Oaks may be dismissed with the impression that they were a bad lot; and a doubt whether Destiny was not the best of them, though the Laurel leaf fell on the brow of Cyprian. In breeding, a few coincidences rather strangely occur: Sultan's running first and second for Derby and Oaks—Partisan second and third for the one, and first for the other—Venison, too, by a speedy sire, and a soft dam, showing himself the stoutest and gamest nag alive. Does not this prove, that any horse is well-bred enough to win our great stakes?—though fancy blood may, and no doubt does, more frequently achieve the victory. The Langar stock, too, have not been famed at a distance, until Elis showed what the family could do when put on their mettle.

In riding there are also coincidences. Scott rides second for two consecutive Legers—first for the Oaks, and first and second for two following Derbies. John Day again, gets up the ladder by steps—viz., third for Derby, second for Oaks, and first for Leger. "There are more things 'twixt heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy," and "coming events throw their shadows before them,"—divest it of mysticism, what does it all mean? Superstition!—Who so prone to it as sporting men?—We fancy one man's stable because it is in luck; another, because it is out of it; "and 'tis a long lane that has no turning;"—we get sweet upon a name, a breed, a color; we imbibe a prejudice against this rider's head, or the other's seat; we conceive a hock must swell, or a sinew spring, as it suits the "The Book," and wake to the predestinated purgatory or Elysium of "The Settling Day!" Let us now begin within the beginning. The Craven, won by Redshanks, from Coriolanus, by a head! this never got out of my head; and although he showed well in subsequent struggles, I could never be induced to give him the "seals of office," though his party was powerful and long-headed.

The Riddleworth, always important from the magnitude of the stake, and generally so from its being a portico to the temple of equestrian fame, was won with ease by Bay Middleton. Ebberston, after his slovenly success in the Column Stakes, and beating nothing, took up a formidable station in the odds for the Derby, but disappeared prior to the race with equal rapidity—if anything in the shape of rapid can be associated with such an arrant impostor; nevertheless, these sort of nags are very useful—to bet against!

Who that saw can say "Non mi ricordo" to the 2000 guineas stakes. It was splendid as to pace and finish, bringing together the subsequent winners of Derby and Leger. It seemed to me that Elis would never again run his opponent so close, who was meant ONLY to win; but cutting it a shade too fine, perhaps, to be comfortable. The Grand Duke Michael, at any rate, severed them most effectually, though the horses did not run on at all equal terms; but should they ever again meet, both fit to go in, and do it, I for one shall stand on the right royal son of Sultan, believing him to be the best horse out these 20 years.

Plenipo and the Queen were indeed diamonds of the first water; but they had no Elis to beat; and could they have been brought out with Touchstone, all four year olds, to struggle for the next Ascot Cup, my telescope would have pointed to the side board at Middleton!

Probably a race was never run, more productive of interest, than the great Portland Handicap—Ditch in—originating in the munificent donation of his Grace, of 300 guineas, added to a sweepstakes of 100 each, h. ft.

It is evident that the noble founder of the race was anxious not only to bring into collision the best horses, but to encourage stoutness in our racing stock, the race being open only to 4 years old and upwards, and experience proving that trials of speed and distance are two very different things.

The book-makers had a fine time of it; every horse that started, and two or three more that did not, having lots of friends at low odds; beginning with Mundig, as first favorite, and ending with Tiber, even against the field! from the very recent position of 20 to 1—to almost play the part of whipper in to the whole lot!

The result of the contest exactly confirmed my opinion expressed in November last—"I strongly suspect that Brother to Hope will turn the tables on him (Hornsea) should they meet next year;" he did so—coming out liberally like a bat, and winning by three or four lengths, with Hornsea second, and Birdlime third, by a head. The winner, with the exception of Hornsea, from whom he received 2lb., and to whom he gave a good 5lb. beating, allowed a stone to Birdlime, and weight to every thing else in the race. The mare's subsequent performance at Liverpool, coupled with Hornsea's running at Goodwood, proved Sheet Anchor to be a very extraordinary animal indeed; and rendered the disappointment exceedingly bitter that he did not start at Ascot, irrespective of betting, to the mere amateur of racing. It is to be trusted this stake, if only in compliment to its noble sponsor, will be perpetuated; if by no donation from a private purse, or the funds, yet by a sweepstake on the same basis. The betting evinced how impartial and judicious appeared the handicap—and again I say, it will, I trust, be perpetuated.

The Second Spring was devoid of interest; and all eyes were now turned on the Epsom Meeting.

Great fluctuations occurred, as usual, in the betting—Ebberston and Colonel ...'s lot retrograding—the favorite having a "touting" phthisic—Gladiator advancing, and the cover removed at last, Venison dished up as second favorite! At the finish, the first horse in the odds occupied the same position in the race, with a change of place only in the 2d and 3d.

The favorite too, the following day, carried off the Oaks. Now, barring the Leger, where the second favorite won, and the "crack" ran second, I opine, that the nonsense folks talk about the errors of the knowing ones, will be a little stopped; it is to be wished they would take the trouble to consult the Calendar, and see what they would have gained by going regularly against the favorite on the morning, for the three great races this quarter of a century past; if they don't ...w, they must be told—they would have gained—a loss!

In concluding the events at Epsom, it occurs very forcibly to the mind what a ... Lord Jersey might have made last year with Ibrahim, and actually did ... this year with his winner, in not naming for the Leger. speaking moderately, a horse who can take away the Derby without a whip or spur, is worth, with a Leger nomination, an extra 2000*l.* for sale. He stands, at once, in the ...ke, at odds of more than 40 to 1 against him, and is sure to be hedged at about ...r 4 to 1.

Since Mameluke's year, who fetched on that account, and Glenartney's not ...ng, so very large a price, the Noble Lord has entered no horse for Doncaster. Now, conceding an objection to exist as to sending his stud northward, ...y might be sold, one would think, to so great a profit with such an engagement, as would tempt any breeder to incur a slight risk for a vast contingent ...n.

In the policy of not running a two year old, I can readily concur; but in such ...able peculiarly must dissent "in toto" from excluding the chance of a fine ...e or a splendid stake.

The proceedings at Ascot were full of interest to the sporting world till the ...nth hour, when Sheet Anchor was declared not to start for the Cup; however, we had Touchstone and Rockingham left, and at the close of the ring, after ...h alternate favoritism, the former just had the call. A few of the initiated, ...ng, perhaps, to Lucifer's having won the King's Hundred from Rockingham, ...odwood, in so "convincing" a manner as to relative merit, or looking to the ...al triumphs of four year olds for this Cup, were seduced not only to lay out ... ponies and fifties upon him, but in sober sadness, to fancy at 8 to 10 to 1—...'s a capital investment!

The two cracks throughout had it all their own way, and Touchstone, when ... upon within the distance, went ahead and won easy.

Rockingham was stated by the stable to be short of work; but there can be no ... he yielded to a better horse.

The Newcastle St. Leger was looked to, with much anxiety, bringing together ... Diamond and Bee's-wing; its result made the mare a good favorite for the ... St. Leger, and, with a short depression in the market, from a colt of Ma... St. Paul's having been tried to be—shall I say *good*, or *better*? (who went ...sently amiss) no animal more steadily maintained her position in the odds ...the "day of judgment."

The Liverpool July Meeting, save by bringing Vulture into greater request, ... affect "t' Leger."

... vanquishing Chasse—next to himself the worst weighted in the race; ... which the General was booked a certainty, made Hornsea, who gave her ... "dollop" for the Portland, and who, short prepared, ran her to a head, a ... favorite for the Goodwood Cup.

... we will proceed; and, as a Provincial Meeting, nothing can touch it. ...ntly of passing through a Park, where art and nature have done so ... to fascinate the senses, the aristocratic air one seems to breathe, the magni... of the stakes, and the course itself so perfect, make it a most attractive rendezvous.

Would that a card were attainable with something like a correct programme as to the names, weights, colors, &c. &c.; but "spero meliora" on this score; and there can be but little doubt such a petty cause of complaint will another year be removed.

This meeting was compressed, for the first time, into three days, in lieu of four; and as far as good sport and a numerous company could confirm it, the alteration was perfectly satisfactory.

Elis made his re-appearance as victor in the Drawing-room Stakes, which, at the distance, did not look quite safe; but a few strides from home he left the magician, and went in two or three lengths first, though he looked leg-weary; the pace was excellent.

On the following day the Goodwood Stakes, fetching out a large handicapped field of eighteen horses, and on which the betting had been tolerably heavy, attracted a numerous attendance. Rockingham was the favorite at about two to one, and was backed to some amount to win both that and the Cup at long odds!

The start was beautiful; and just outside the distance, on their way home, only two were tailed off, the remaining sixteen charging in a line, with no symptom anywhere of victory or defeat. The pet in the odds came out first; but the shouts of "Rockingham wins" were soon merged in "Now Roadster;" "Now Felix;" and the latter, having shown at Southampton in wet and dirt such running as did not leave him a friend, proved that light weight and ground, with sunshine, agreed with him, to the infinite delight of the fielders. Jem's superb riding popped old Roadster second; and the Crack, with Knokstick, contested the third place.

It is no imputation on any man to be unable to ride as well as Robinson, and had he backed his old friend Rockingham again, the result, in my opinion, would have been different.

Elis being beaten by Hornsea very easily (though giving 8lbs. on the penal conditions of the contest) added to his riding, or receiving, the spur pretty smartly in the racing stakes, put him apparently "hors de combat" for the Leger; and as much as 20 to 1 was offered against him for the latter event.

At Lewes, however, he gave Hock, known to be good, 22lbs., and beat a fair field of others cleverly; thus confirming my opinion that he was not up to the mark at Goodwood.

Soon after this, a rather curious, though, unhappily, not quite a novel scene, beginning in farce, but ending in tragedy, was enacted at the corner.

Elis, like a bag fox, was to be let down provided the incidental expenses could be freed by subscription. It was declared that unless the odds against him could be made up by a stated hour, that is, 10 to 1—to 1200*l.*—he would not go to Doncaster; though all the world knew, if he were sent, the odds would immediately be but one half. The farce concluded in London at a quarter before six o'clock on the day appointed; and then came the tragedy, which was played with the greatest distress on the Wednesday three weeks, at the Settling-rooms, Doncaster.

"Degustibus non" is very trite; but it is now palpable, if any should hereafter have the good taste to lay such a trap, there will not be a fool left with such bad taste as to fall into it; and "Ware Elis, Ware Elis," will ring in the ears of the Pack for ever and aye.

On the eve of the Leger, the betting fluctuated more than has been usual for some years past. Gladiator, said to be lame, but openly declared to have been beaten in a trial with Scroggins at 10lbs, did not show; the latter stood firm at from 6 to 7 to 4 against him; Wedge was tumbled up and down from 30 to 1 to 10 to 1, as the Hibernian valor cooled or heated; Trapball, Redshank, and Bee's-wing—all had strong parties at from 8 to 10 to 1; and Elis from 5 to 2 on the Monday evening, retrograded to 5 and 6 to one on the morning, and then finally settled down at 7 to 2 on the rumor of a cough, and being drawn too fine.

The Caravanned nag, however, evinced that nothing could stop him; and finding the pace not good enough for him, made his own running from the Red House, and landed two lengths first without a struggle, and without a difficulty.

The game little mare—"The Bee's-wing"—running Scroggins to a head, as the Judge said, was placed—where? Nowhere!! "Oh! righteous Judge—a second Daniel come to judgment!"

Touchstone's victory for the Cup—for which The Queen was drawn—independently of the conviction what a rare piece of horse flesh he is in able hands, left two stings behind it for his friends and opponents; for the former that they had not put on the "pot" at any price; for the latter that they had assisted to boil it at any price at all.

Carew cutting out the Leger work, and landing second for the Cup, after such strong play, renders it a moot point with many, if he be not better than his partner, Scroggins, in any event for a distance.

Irrespective of the two year old running, there are but two other races requiring comment; the first, where Bard, on the strength of Carew's being in the field, and understood to go for it, was betted against at odds, when the instant it was known that his formidable opponent would not saddle, the odds were upon him!

Why not do as at Liverpool, Heaton Park, &c.? Before the ring is formed affix a list of the nags to start in a conspicuous place; nor suffer a man in the secret to take an unfair advantage of another out of it.

Good information on the long run is sure to tell, and does not need the make-weights of cutting down the field at the eleventh—nay, almost the twelfth hour! It is to be hoped the Stewards will look to this in future.

The other race—it may be so termed—which haunts the memory, is that for The Corporation Plate; where Venison runs for the first heat to the turn of the rails, then pulls to Redshank, and then affectedly coquettes, to catch him within the distance, when he is so far and so safe ahead, that it has become a physical impossibility. However, the Flat Fish could not be netted; Venison won the next two heats in a trot, and the fishermen toiled in vain! Considering this nice little horse had run some dozen races, including the Derby, and his going for the Cup the day preceding, it did seem to be a little hard to give him a superfluous two mile gallop, letting alone the cruelty of making his youthful jockey work so hard as he did; but, probably, with racers as with eels when skinned, "it is nothing when they are used to it."

The Heaton Park Meeting showed Black Diamond, Vulture, and Locomotive, all conquerors of large fields; the latter winning the Cup against Hampton, the pet of Scott's Stable, and "The House," and in with him relatively on the most favorable terms, as easy as Touchstone had done the trick at Doncaster.

Had the ground been deeper, this Waverley colt, who ran about fourth for it, would have been an awkward customer for the St. Leger; nor did he disgrace what I foretold of him last year—"that he was a promising, striding, Leger-like looking animal;" and that I had a "strong prejudice in his favor." At Carlisle he has since also swept all before him.

The October Meetings produced two or three interesting struggles. Slane met Hornsea (the latter giving 22lbs) the D.M., and won, with 7 to 4 against him, very easy.

Bay Middleton and Elis, winners of Derby and St. Leger, met in the Port Stakes, 2 M.M., when the former vindicated the judgment of his friends by beating the Leger crack as easily in the South, as he had himself gained his laurels in the North.

The Derby winner, too, after having beaten Muezzin at Ascot, with 7lbs. extra, met him again the D.M., with 13lbs. more on his back than his opponent, and evinced that two stone would not bring them to terms.

Elis, giving Waggs 8lb. and Muezzin 12lb. (1lb. less than Bay Middleton), across the flat, ran a dead heat with the former, beating the latter by a length.

It may be recollected that for the Derby I prophecied Slane to win; the two horses before him (Gladiator and Venison) were quite dark; so believing him to be the best Newmarket two-year-old, I assigned him the Premiership, by forcing the crack over the rails, a "point d'appui," being quite sure, if he did not bolt, he must win.

For the Leger, despite the "Polito" conveyance—the seeming "sang froid" about his going at all—and his avowed—perhaps a "leetle" too openly avowed rheumatic twinges—the 3000 gs. Stake proved Elis, to my mind, the most likely to win: and methought that the same parties who wrested the Leger from the Scotts last year, would go in and do it again; and above all, I felt a conviction that, as the South had been beaten with their Priam, Mameluke, and Plenipo, where every apparent chance was in their favor, they would now conquer with every seeming disadvantage and draw-back against them.

One word more. Were it not that three Legers running were won by the same owner, I should be disheartened at the "ter quaterque" of vaticination; twice, consecutively, my northern visions in the Queen of Trumps and Elis have been realised! Why not my third?—"Petre" versus "Vates"—what are the odds?

Of the two-year-old running, with reference to the South, I can say but little; the Newmarket performances have been so in and out, that we are led to believe them a very indifferent lot.

Jereed, Defender, and Phantasima, have all been winners; but of the three, to my fancy, the last should be first. But the best public horse I believe to be Wintonean; beating three large fields, and running second to Egeria in "The Hopeful," where, giving 7lbs., he made his own running, and was slipped on the post, by a head.

Barring his "ought to have won," he barely lost, and gave very heavy allowance; now, had Sister to Waresti carried off the Criterion, though it went into the stable, who would have laid 30 to 1 against him for the Derby?

He is got by the sire of Touchstone, and own brother to a fancy mare of mine, Hester; so that I should prefer him to the own brother to Bay Middleton on two grounds—firstly, because he has done something in public, and the other nothing; secondly, because the non-performer is at 9 to 1, and the performer at 30 to 1!

For the next Leger Cardinal Puff is justly the favorite. Jereed must, of course, first get through his work in our part of the world, which will make him "aut Cæsar aut nullus."

The Voltaire colt, so gallantly cut down by Lord Westminster's, is second on the list, though his performance makes the "puff" more needful for him than the Cardinal!

Who could pin his faith on the performance of any fillies yet out? Chapeau d'Espagne, Eguia, Armenian? Indeed, the "Oaks," to peep into it, would require the eye that "can see round a corner."

We must, therefore, rest on our oars till the spring shall solve a riddle or two; so wishing the amateurs joy of their Derby Books, which can alone be "licked into shape" by laying an excessive quantity of odds, against a yet more excessive quantity of horses, during a long, assiduous, and refrigerating attention.

"Although assail
The snow, the frost, the wind and hail,"

at the trysting spot of Tattersall's, I subscribe myself, Sir,

Your very obedient servant. VATES.

Touchstone.—We find an interesting article in a provincial sporting paper, "The York Herald," relative to the racing career of the Marquis of Westminster's splendid horse Touchstone, from which we make the extracts annexed:—

Touchstone's racing career has not been altogether unsullied by defeat; but, in general, he has vanquished his competitors without being called upon by his rider, or forced beyond his mere rate. When he has sustained defeat he has not been in good condition. Touchstone is a greedy feeder; and when trained on the Marquis of Westminster's ground in Cheshire, he scarcely received sufficient exercise, lest his fore legs should give way; but, whenever he was made the management of John Scott, and could take his gallops on that soft and elastic turf for which the moorland training grounds of Yorkshire are remarkable, his efforts on the course have been crowned with undeviating and decisive success. In all his contests during the season which has just passed away, he had never one occasion to stretch himself completely out. Touchstone came out at Lichfield for the Produce Stakes for two year olds, and met with no competitor; he consequently walked over, and then carried off the prize. At the Holywell Hunt meeting, in the same year (1833) he made his appearance, and ran third to Mr. Mostyn's Queen Bess, for the Champagne Stakes; under the circumstances above mentioned, having been trained at home. However, the following year (1834) he met his successful opponent (Queen Bess) at Chester, for the Dee Stakes, and beat her with ease. They came out again for the Palatine Stakes, at the same meeting, and Touchstone again proved successful. Shortly afterwards (at the Liverpool meeting) he was beaten by Sir James Boswell's Gen. Chasse, for the Leger Stakes, after a very severe struggle—General Chasse winning by a head. He has met the General repeatedly since, and uniformly beat him with the greatest ease. In the same year (1834) Touchstone came out for the great Doncaster St. Leger, and of course had a numerous field against him, of more than ordinary racing pretensions, and, amongst the number, the celebrated, but uncertain running, Plenipotentiary, and also General Chasse. On this occasion, the rival racers went well away after two false starts, Lady de Grots, Bran, Bubastes, Worlaby Baylock, and Valparaiso, forming the first rank, with General Chasse, Plenipotentiary, Touchstone, and Louden close behind them, Shillelah and Mr. Chisholme's filly formed the extreme rear. In a few seconds Bubastes rushed forward, took a decided lead, and maintained it at extraordinary speed until he had passed the Red House, when he declined; and by the time the nags had reached the white rail, Touchstone might be seen creeping forward, and looking like the winner, General Chasse leading, followed closely by Touchstone, Calloway, the rider of Touchstone, felt so much confidence in his horse, that, on reaching the distance, he let him loose, shot a-head, and went home very cleverly two lengths in advance, Bran second, General Chasse third. The noble owner of Touchstode issued a general challenge, which was not accepted; and the performances of this extraordinary horse, during the late season, have completely justified the confidence thus placed in his very superior powers. Touchstone has uniformly trained on, and as he has reached an age when racers are much less liable to "fly to pieces" than at an earlier period of life, he is very likely to continue racing for some time.

A match against time came off at Dorchester, on Thursday. Mr. G. Elliot, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, now stationed there, having untertaken, for a considerable bet, to ride his bay horse Rifleman from Dorchester barracks to the Crown Inn, Blandford, a distance of 16½ miles, in one hour. He started at two o'clock p. m., and completed his task at six minutes before three, having six minutes to spare. It was the opinion of most of the knowing ones that it could not be done in the time, from its being one of the most hilly roads in that part of England.

THE TRAINED EAGLE—Captain Green, of Buckden, in Huntingdonshire, has now in his possession a splendid specimen of the golden eagle, that he has himself trained to take hares and rabbits. When the difficulty even of handling a bird of the size and strength of the golden eagle is considered, the performance of Captain Green must be deemed extraordinary. Hawks are carried on the fist of the falconer, but it would be impracticable with a bird of this size and weight, recourse was therefore had to a very ingenious invention as a substitute for the fist.

A SPORTING PHILOSOPHER.—A cause was lately heard before the tribunal of Clermont, which has caused some amusement there. The physician, M. Biot, member of the Academy of Science, in the month of August last, was walking a field with a loaded double barrelled gun under his arm, and accompanied by a pointer, which was beating for game: being seen by an officer of gendarmerie, an information was laid against him for sporting at a season prohibited by law. The facts of the accusation having been stated, M. Biot was called upon for his defence, when he replied very simply, that he was merely making a philosophical experiment on the phenomena of pointing in dogs, a subject which had engaged his attention for many years. The Court, however, did not consider the thing so deeply; and being of opinion that it was not necessary, in order experimentalize on this phenomenon, to carry a laaded double barrelled gun under the arm, condemned the officer in a fine of 25 francs, and the confiscation of his fowling-piece.

TROTTING MATCH AT PARIS.—A trotting match came off on Monday morning last, in the Bois de Boulogne at Paris, between two horses celebrated for their performance at this place; one belonging to M. Riviere, and the other to Messrs. Gremieux and Chery. M. Riviere lost by a length and a half. At one, M. Privat set off to perform a wager he had made, that he would ride round the Bois de Boulogne, which measures six miles and a half, in fifteen minutes; but he could not accomplish his task in less than sixteen minutes and forty-five seconds. Considerable sums of money were won and lost on these matches. On the ground a gentleman engaged for a bet of 10,000 francs, to walk twenty-four hours without stopping, eating and drinking as he goes along. This, if performed, will be a perfectly new and very extraordinary feat.

Two Irishmen were fighting in Hamilton, in the midst of a ring, and at length one of them exhibited symptoms of wishing to give in. Some of the onlookers instantly bawled out. "Ye're fear't for him, ye're fear't for him." "No," said Paddy, "I'm not a bit afraid for him, but I begin to be much afraid for myself."

Sam Crawley has expressed the greatest astonishment at the account given of Talleyrand's performance at the dinner table, in the *Sunday Evening Globe*, but more particularly in that part where it stated that, "After serving his guests, which he always insists on doing, he gulps down, dish after dish, a volume altogether that would satisfy a boa constrictor." Sam is completely flabbergasted, at the idea of a man swallowing "a dish;" we beg leave to explain that only the contents were referred to.

Lady Ellenborough has given a second proof of the excursive nature of her predilections in love. She eloped, the other day, from her husband, a German baron, but being overtaken, she was induced by the persuasive arguments of her spouce to return to his arms. The frail fair one appears strikingly to exemplify the asserted effect of indulgence in the charms of variety. Ellenborough is in raptures at this new proof of conjugal unworthiness on the part of his "late" wife, being secretly pleased perhaps at the idea of others being hornified, as well as himself.

The prince of Capua and the fair Penelope, bound by a quadruple alliance of love and matrimony, are now at that little "military hothouse," Malta. The prince has declined the benevolent offer of his royal brother to restore him to his former consideratien of the Court of Naples, on condition of giving up his bride, and therein has shown himself a miracle of constancy and enduring affection.

LAW-LORD OR HORSE-LORD?—Exceptions were taken when a horse was consul; there could be none against his being a lord. It is beyond comparison better that a horse should have a voice in that house than that a judge should. A horse-lord, present or absent, would be as capable of doing duty in the house, as another lord when attending at the opera or the gaming-table, or making the grand tour. A horse-lord, under the switch of the King's riding-master, would be as capable of giving a proxy, as another lord under the wand of the King's Chamberlain. Neighing in that house would not make a horse the worse for riding; but sitting and voting there makes a judge very much worse for judging. If a horse contracted partialities, he would not trot the worst for it; when a judge exposes himself to similar suspicions, he judges very much the worse, or is thought to do so, which comes exactly to the same thing. Custom, which sanctifies all absurdities, custom alone could reconcile men to the sight of a man holding at the same time a place in the court appealed from, and another in the court appealed to, judging under one name what he has been doing under another. The plea is, that he may be there to defend his decrees; as if a man could not be heard as a defendant without voting as a judge. Bentham.

A TAR'S OPINION OF THE TITHES.—"Shiver my timbers, but it requires a deal of dead knowledge to understand this here matter at all. Why, as I said of a day to Bill Jones, a fore-top man of ours, as was arguefying and spinning fathom-long yarns on the business—why, Bill, says I, how would you like to be stumping down the rhino, an' sarvin' out rations to a feller as does the prayer-book work of a French frigate, 'sposin' we were all friends, (as we wasn't them days) an' they was great days, I know. They, an' their sarmint-man, be d——d, says Bill, looking as black as a nigger's child amongst snow; I'm

blowed, if I wouldn't sooner be keelhauled first;' so then, I up's and answers—'Avast boy,' there now ye'r carried fore an' aft by your want of logic, Come, for jaw-tackle sake, clear away every thing that fouls your brain-box; knock off the scuds of prejudice and just 'spose Old England to be one of Johnny Crapaud's clippers. Why should the Hirish, as won't listen to, or don't regard his palaver, have stoppages made in their pay to keep her chaplain in togs, and belly-timbers? So Bill Jones only looked aloft; 'the wind's chopping round Sam.' says he: 'Aye, aye,' says I, so I perceaves, but you must try another tack to weather me. Sam Lomas's Land Log.—Limerick Star

Novel Mode of Selling a Pony.—Mr. J. Cotcheifer, veterinary surgeon, of Newark, lately sold a pony to Mr. William Spafford, of Elston, for 7d. per lb., to be weighed in a few weeks, and the latter gent. sold it to Mr. Chettle, of Farndon, for £12 10s., to be delivered as soon as weighed. Much betting took place as to the weight of the little animal. On Wednesday it was weighed—21 stone was the weight; so that Mr. S. is a gainer of 1*l.* 17s. 4d. by his speculation. The affair has caused much merriment in the town.

Desirable Residence.—A person has advertised a house to be let, within 1500 yards of Hell-gate.

A Smart Retort.—Lord Erskine declared in a large party, in which Lady Erskine and Mr. Sheridan were present, "that a wife was only a tin canister tied to one's tail;" upon which Sheridan presented lady Erskine with these lines:—

"Lord Erskine at woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife 'a tin canister tied to one's tail;'
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his Lordship's degrading comparison:
But wherefore degrading—considered aright?
A canister's polished and useful and bright;
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied."

A Bad Hand.—It is said of a certain Irish peer, that he writes so bad a hand that his franks, being generally illegible, are generally missent; and that if they happen to be legible, they are deemed to be forgeries, and charged in double or treble postage, as the case may be.

In consequence of the prevalence of hydrophobia, a reward is offered on dogs' tails in Sydney; thus all "tail bearers" who bring to "head" quarters a certain number of canine catastrophes, are handsomely rewarded.

The facetious George Rose has been a little startled by the announcement of a new work "On the propagation of *Roses.*" Sir George is a staunch friend to the press, but he thinks this is going a little too far. He protests against family matters being made the subject of public entertainment.

Lyne Stevens, in a letter last year which he wrote to a friend in town, described Lady Eleanor Lowther as one of the "boldest riders that ever *crossed* a horse." Lyne, it should be remembered was educated in a wine cellar.

Dunboyne, speaking of the family pretensions of Sir Samuel Whalley, described him as "nobody at all at all," and concluded a very energetic appeal to a circle of tap-room friends by declaring "as a nobleman and a jontleman, the spalpeen (meaning Sir Samuel) was, to his certain knowledge, born without a shirt to his back!" to which belief the whole room responded.

Horace Twiss has lately turned a bit of a puppy in his dress, and he was calling Wetherell's attention to the cut of his coat, saying "You observe I have my clothes now *on a new principle.*" "What," said Wetherell, thrown of his guard, "*do you pay for them?*"

Cannizzaro and Di Novo lead what is vulgarly termed a cat and dog life. The other day, in the course of a spar between them, the leasehold man responded to some observation which fell from her Grace, in the following words:—"Dem! Cot dem! have I not do much great deal for you—eh?" "Yes, rejoined the Duchess, with arms disposed after the *Court* fashion of the East end of the town, but are you not paid ingrate for what you do?"

The old Earl of Westmoreland has lately undergone a successful operation for the removal of a cataract from one of his eyes. Most of the old gentlewomen of the Lords are in a lamentable state of blindness for which O'Connell is preparing a *Radical* cure; and it is probable at no distant period their obstructed optics will be completely opened to a clear and rational view of their iniquities.

In the account of the "Derby betting" we find it stated that Lord Jersey's "Flare up" has been backed for very heavy sums. It was, we understand, in compliance with the elegant taste of Lady Jersey that the animal received this spirited cognomen.

"I regard you no better than a rogue," said Teynham to Leg-ite Stretch, as they rose from a card table at which his lordship had been a considerable loser. "It would," replied the Greek, "be exceedingly rude in me to contradict your lordship, and therefore I candidly own (looking earnestly at the lord) that I am not *far* from a rogue." The peer bit his lips and walked off.

The Emperor of *Japan* is said to have forwarded a letter of condolence on the loss just sustained by the family of Mr. Day, the late *blacking* manufacturer.

There is said to be little money stirring in the fashionable world. No doubt it is the creditors of some of the leading members of the aristocracy who have circulated this report, which is, however, quite correct.

We observed three advertisements the other day in juxtaposition respecting the loss of three singular animals. The parties missing were an elderly gentleman, a white cow, and an aged pointer dog. What an excitement this must cause about the various pounds! Should the elderly gentleman have gone grazing, like Nebuchadnezzar, the price fixed upon for his release would be enormous. It would be very interesting to see the three cooped up together.

Wakley being asked whether he intended to make any pyrotechnic display on Guy Fawkes' day, briefly replied in the negative, observing that he once took great *interest* in the art of making fire-works, and that it was his experience in such matters, that enabled him to detect the humbug of the "fire-king," Chabert.

His Majesty, upon hearing mention made by accident of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, made the following pithy remark:—"I have been a sailor, I have heard talk of the Red Sea, the Black Sea, and almost every other sea, but curse me if this isn't the first time I ever heard of the *Sea of Soda* (Sodor). Hang me, if I should like to navigate such a sea, for if the soda should happen to effervesce, even a *cork jacket* would be of no use; for if a cork cannot stand against a *bottle of soda*, what would become of it in a sea of the same article?"

CUPID'S PICTURE.

In Palmerston, the little dandy Whig,
  Both emblems of the God of Love we find;
The "bow" as well as "arrow," for this prig
  Is *beau* in *person*, with *a-n-arrow mind*.

At the Egham Races, the Attorney General was on the course, and was seen with great apparent curiosity contemplating the sleight of hand of a pea and thimble professor. The learned gentleman did not venture to play, but appeared for some minutes deeply absorbed in the game. Lord George Bentinck was passing at the moment, and perceiving the contemplative mood of Sir John, jocularly called out to the "professor," "Take care of that Gentleman, he understands the thimble rig game better than any man on the course." Sir John smiled and walked away.

The Duke of Buckingham intends to pass the winter at his extensive seat in Hampshire. The Duke's *seat* is certainly one of the most *extensive* in the kingdom.

In speaking of the diplomatic *réunions* which take place, and of a party given by the Countess Bjornstjerna, a morning contemporary says—"Last Sunday *Old* Bull performed at her Excellency's house." Now, whether Theodore Hook or the celebrated vocalist, Ole Bull, is alluded to, we are unable to say. Both these individuals are performers in their way, only on different instruments.

"I thought," said Lord Allen to his tiger, upon whom he tries his jokes first to give them *eclat* (*a claw*), "I thought that all things in America were upon a *level*, and yet they have sent us a *Hill*; how can that be?" The tiger, in this keen encounter of wit, was not ready to come up to the *scratch*.

The mountebank Winchester has declared that he is desirous of having corporate reform, but that at present he would rather suspend it. His suspension is like that of Mr. John Ketch; he would choke the business at once. By the way, Winchester's notions of progressing in reform remind us of the word of command given by Sir Clod Hunter, when at the head of the City militia. The Col. wished a company to fall in order to dress with the line, and thus gave the word—"Advance three paces backwards."

Lady Blessington's "Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman," must be admitted to be a palpable misnomer. Elderly gentlemen, now-a-days, are sly dogs, and never make any "confessions" at all.

There is at the present time a poor lover in great distress of mind; he cannot discover the retreat of his faithless one, and he adopts the plan of advertising that he "will give one sovereign reward to any person who will obtain for him a personal interview with Mary Ann Wheatley, sempstress, employed by an upholsterer in Tottenham Court-road." The case of this advertiser is certainly desperate, though we do not think the reward very seducing. We suspect him to be Lord Coventry; if he be so, his lordship's generosity has begun to ooze out most marvellously.

There are some things which may be useful to the last, and among these we find an old dog. A person who has lost a faithful animal, advertises a reward of two guineas for it, and says, "the dog is old, and has lost several teeth, and is useless to any one but the owner." The use of an old dog without teeth we cannot discover; he cannot be even fit for the sausage makers.

The nominal salary of the examiner of plays, the office now filled by Mr. Charles Kemble, is 500*l.* per annum, but there are abatements which reduce it to about 320*l.* per annum. The examiner for the Lord Chamberlain, who licenses the plays for the *patent theatres*, receives two guineas for each play, and one guinea for each farce.

Forrest is termed by Fawcett Fitzjordan a *wood*-be actor. Considering the putative son of Royalty is the *chip* of an old theatrical *block*, it is a little ungracious on his part to say a word in disparagement of one belonging to a high *branch* of the profession.

In consequence of the difficulty of hearing, experienced by Mr. Justice Patteson, and from the occasional position of the head when listening to the defence of counsel, it has been thought, nay said, that his Lordship, in leaning to the side of mercy, rather inclines to the *deaf*-endant.

MADAME MALIBRAN.

A great deal of sentimental trash has been published in the London and provincial papers respecting Madame Malibran—otherwise De Beriot. The manager of Drury Lane, with his usual good taste, is about to make money of her memory, by a "Grand Commemoration," as he calls it, "of the Departed Genius of Music." It is a disgusting affair, and altogether alien to English feelings. Madame De Beriot was an exceedingly clever actress, and a first rate singer. The character in which she was most popular, was that of Fidelio; and the following is Von Raumer's opinion of her performances.

"Her dress was perfectly simple: grey trowsers, a sort of frock coat reaching to the knee, of the same color, and a black leather girdle. It is almost incomprehensible how so elegantly a formed woman could contrive entirely to conceal all the feminine graces of her person, but there was nothing to excite even curiosity. She wore no rouge, and her pallid face and dark expressive eyes, with the melancholy tones of her deep and beautiful voice—these, indeed, rivetted eye, ear, and heart. The moment in which she discovers and resolves what, and how, she has to act, her countenance and demeanor rose into something truly awful.

"She spoke English more distinctly and harmoniously than I have ever heard it spoken on the stage. The principal scene of the second (here the third) act was as usual the most effective. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to define, in a few words, in what consisted the difference between her performance of it and that of other actressss. Do not conclude from what I say that I am unjust to them; but I can acknowledge no monopoly of genius, and here I saw a fresh proof that it is *creative.* Often and variously as I have seen Fidelio acted, *this* view, *this* representation of the character was entirely new to me—unexpected, and, in itself, perfect.

"Milder, with her magnificent tones and person, was more imposing. From the moment she came on the stage you felt and knew that she *must* conquer.—Schechner's voice was fuller, and more profoundly touching. Schrœder-Devrient united sweetness and the charm, with the romantic devotion of woman; and the torrent of her enthusiasm bore you along with resistless force.

"Malibran betrays the long-suffering, the heart wearing anxiety, the dubious mind; till at length the strength of her heart and her love overcome all anxieties and all doubts. To each her own. Each fulfils the part for which nature, and the character of her genius, has fitted her."

THROWING A CURB.

Bob Wilkins was a droll man, a very droll man; for the life of him he *must* have his fun; had his father been dying, and his heirship depended on his good behavior at that trying moment, he would sooner have forfeited house and goods than lost his joke. Judge of the horror he was to any one who hated puns!—Now, Richard Sobersides, Esq., was, as his name indicated, a pattern of every-thing quiet and correct, looking upon a punster as a being quite out of the pale of civilized society, and a practical joker as *synomymous with a mad dog*. One fine morning he took it into his head *he must hunt*, and, to do so, must have a horse. No sooner said than done. Fifty stables were ransacked, and at last—yes, I said at last—such a quadruped!...did I ever?...No, I never!...Suffice it to say she took five-barred gates *in her trot*; and when she cantered, it was necessary to tie her fore and hind legs together to prevent her taking the church! *That was a mare, was R. Sobersides', Esq.!*

Bob Wilkins, as a desperate judge of horse-flesh, was the man invited to take the first ride with friend Richard; and trot, walk, and gallop, at all paces was "the tit" most complete. Returning home in high satisfaction—toes extended, nose in air—the new purchase, in throwing her head about, threw her curb chain. Bob slipped off his low pony unperceived, and picked it up. *It was nuts to Bob.*

"So you really think my purchase a good one?"—"Capital, has but one fault."—"Fault! Good God! why what is it?"—"*She's thrown a curb.*"—"A curb! Gracious Providence! a curb! how horrid! and I never found it out. Oh! what shall I do! that rascally horse-dealer, confound him! But to law I'll go. I'll see if there is no protection for a gentleman who gives one hundred guineas for a mare, warranted sound, and she throws a curb three days afterwards! I will, by G—d."—After storming for ten minutes, he turned round, and with the emphasis of an injured but decided man, slowly said, with a pause on each word, "And what would *you* do, Mr. Robert Wilkins, in similar circumstances, *now tell me, Bob, my excellent friend?*"—"Why," said Bob, with his quiet leer, and drawing the steel chain from his pocket, "if *my* horse *threw a curb*, I should PICK IT UP TO BE SURE!" Sobersides *never* forgave him.

Timothy Hardcastle.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for November, 1836.

ENGLISH FOX-HUNTING.

The first Monday in November is considered as the commencement of the fox-hunting season; cub-hunting begins as soon as the country is sufficiently clear, so that the operation of the hounds cannot injure the crops.

Fox-hunting has assumed a different character from that which marked this doubly-fascinating diversion in days of yore; or, in other words, it has experienced a degree of improvement commensurate with, or similar to that of other sciences, thus accompanying what is impressively understood by "the march of the mind." The fox was formerly pursued by a heavy deep-toned hound, in whom the talbot blood very much preponderated, and whose olfactory organs, or powers of smell, were therefore of a very superior description. Hounds of this sort seldom got well away from cover with their fox; they were much slower in getting to the huntsman's signal than their more vehement and more modern fraternity, who fly to the sound of the horn when the fox goes away with headlong, if not maddened, impetuosity; but inasmuch as they were able to recognize and carry the scent long after the object of chase had passed, they thus were enabled to continue the pursuit, and ultimately to reach their game, though not till a protracted period, ill-suited to the taste of modern times.

The late, but highly celebrated, Hugo Mannell, was the founder of the Quorndon Fox-hunting Establishment, immortal in the memory of the sportsman; and to him we are originally indebted, for that extraordinary speed in the hound, which has so improved the character of the chase, by rendering it much quicker, and infinitely more animated. Hounds of the old school might be said to *run down* their game by a lengthened result of three or four hours; modern hounds *run up* to their fox, keep well at him, and kill him in about one-third or one-fourth of the time. Huntsmen of the present day are anxious to go away well with their fox; and, therefore, the moment they can get a couple of hounds (or even one) out of cover, they accompany him blowing the horn, and leaving the whippers-in to bring on the remainder of the pack—what a heaving crash accompanies a fox well found, and quickly got away with! If the fox either by slipping away on the approach of the pack, or by any other means, gets far ahead, modern fox-hounds are unable to get upon good terms with him, unless, perhaps, assisted by a burning scent. Generally speaking, hounds of the present day should never be more than a minute or two behind their fox; since, it brough to coal hunting, reduced to pick a cold scent, they are very rarely able to do any thing with him.

The late Colonel Thornton, who was much given to *drawing the long bow*, produced some of the best fox-hounds which, up to that period, had been seen, of which his celebrated dog Lounger was an extraordinary specimen; but no man, perhaps, was ever more successful in getting together a pack of hounds than Mr. Osbaldestone, particulary in regard of speed. I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind the first time his bitch pack (denominated "flying ladies") fell under my observation. They happened to be in their sleeping or lodging room, and as soon as the door was opened, what a sight was presented!—twenty-five couple of bitches as level as possible—coats fine, condition good—the appearance was delightful! The following day afforded me an opportunity of witnessing the performance of these "flying ladies." It was in the early part of the month of November. We found our fox in a wood not far from the village of Sheepshead. After the first hound spoke to him he was soon hallowed away; the hounds left the wood with the utmost alacrity, and went away with a good scent, heads up and sterns down, at a terrific rate. Not one of the field could maintain a good place with them. He was killed after one of the most brilliant things I ever saw, which lasted very little more than half an hour. The business was rendered remarkable by the following occurrence. The hounds caught view of the fox as he was wearily making his way up a farmer's cart-road by the side of a hedge, when a young bitch (entered only that year) shot away from the pack, and reached the fox twenty yards a-head; the fox snapped at her, and she did not directly mouth him, but with her nose tumbled him over—the pack, of course, instantly came up, and finished the business.

The Duke of Rutland's hounds have been remarkable for speed ever since the celebrated Shaw became huntsman to them. Sir H. Mainwaring's hounds are of a similar description; as well as those of Mr. Applethwaite, while some packs in Yorkshire—those of Lord Harewood and Lord Hawk, for instance—have more stoop. The Earl of Lonsdale's noble pack are larger than ordinary; they more nearly approximate the original talbot than those above enumerated, and are consequently enabled to carry the scent under that sort of atmospheric influence which renders the exertions of the fleeter hound unavailing. The best hounds I ever saw were those got together by Mr. Wickstead. This gentleman had contrived to place or engraft olfactory organs of a superior order upon a form calculated for extraordinary celerity of progressive motion; so that these hounds could both hunt and run in a surprising manner.

Many old-fashioned sportsmen are still to be met with who are of opinion that the fox-hound has been rendered too fleet; that the requisite acuteness of his sense of smell has been sacrificed to an unnecessary degree of speed. I have been sometimes half inclined to entertain a similar opinion, particularly in regard to the hounds of Mr. Meynell. Some of our modern highflyers regard Lord Lonsdale's hounds as "*dead slow.*" I consider them altogether as a fine noble pack; however, I am no advocate for slow work in the pursuit of the fox, who should be smartly and handsomely killed. Beckford has pithily expressed the genuine characteristics of a run; he says "it should be sharp, short, and decisive;" and I quite agree with him.

DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDINGS.

A circumstance occurred on Thursday last in Gloucester, which has given rise to a good deal of conversation. A sweep, a diminutive urchin about ten years of age, was sent up a chimney at the Talbot inn, about nine o'clock in the morning, and for the purpose of diminishing his size to suit the capacity of the flue, he was stripped entirely naked. Having remained up the chimney for a very considerable period, it was thought as he was of rather a morose disposition, that he was continuing there unnecessarily and from stubbornness, and another lad was in consequence sent up after him. He would not, or could not, descend, and, after a lapse of some hours, a cord was attached to his legs, and several attempts were made to drag him down by force, but without effect; and the cord breaking, a stronger one was substituted, but with the like success. A large quantity of brimstone matches—it is said about three pennyworth—were then ignited, and held burning up the flue. A ladder was next procured, reaching to the top of the chimney, from whence several buckets of water were poured down upon the miserable little prisoner thus confined in the flue; and a pole was thrust down to discover his position, and with tolerable force, as it would seem from the numerous protuberances afterwards discovered upon the poor child's head. These mild and gentle efforts were continued at intervals through the day till nine o'clock in the evening, accompanied, it is fair to say, with persuasives in the promise of bribes to induce him to descend by fair means. By this time a large crowd had assembled in the neighborhood, and among the number were some more sensible and humane individuals than those we have before alluded to, and they insisted that attempts should be made by opening the chimney from the outside to liberate the child, who, it was begun to be apprehended, might be dead, as he had not been heard to speak for some time. Masons were accordingly sent for, and about ten o'clock at night the poor little sweep was found firmly jammed by the head and shoulders in the brick work of the chimney. Having been in such a situation, and subjected to such treatment as we have described, and perfectly naked, for thirteen hours, it is needless to state that he was in a most pitiable state of debility. He was washed in warm water, when several excoriations were discovered on his back and shoulders, and the skin rubbed off his ears and other parts of his head, which was also covered with bumps. He was taken home and a surgeon sent for, and it is with some surprise we state, that though very ill, his life is not considered to be in danger.

A MATCH.

It is Betty's "Sunday out." Betty is a good girl, and what's more, good looking, and moreover dresses well, and further, is well shaped, eke respectable; and in addition, is beloved by every body, especially by the handsome butcher in her street, who is single, and, in a moment when butchers are as tender as their meat, popped the question "Whether she had any prejudice against butchers?" and Betty, like the tender creature she is, answered, that "she had no prejudice against any one;" when Crump, for that's his name, taking heart, asked her "if she would dislike being a butcher's wife?" and Betty, turning red, and then pale, and then red again, replied that "she would as lief be a butcher's wife as a baker's for that, with the pervisor that she liked the butcher better than the baker;" so that the thing is as good as settled that she is to be Mrs. Crump. And this is the reason why she looks so red, broiling, and fluttered to-day. She has a dozen friends to whom she must tell the important secret; they live at all corners of the town, and miles apart; but she means to visit them all; if she does she will make a circuit which will tire a horse. I foresee that she will knock up at the second or third stage, and be glad of a dish of tea, a happy shedding of tears with some female friend at the turn in her fortunes, and an omnibus back, that she may get home in good time, as missus is mighty particular about servants coming home early. Betty's heart is full, too full, and so are her pockets, crammed with apples, oranges, cakes, a top, two whistles, and three balls which came over her master's wall, heaven knows how mysteriously—presents these for her "nevies and nieces, bless their dear little hearts!" Some of her mistress's cast-off things, a large lump of dripping, some tea and sugar, (mind, of her own purchasing), and an extensive miscellany of broken victuals, are all done up in a bundle for the poor widow, who was like a mother to her when she was a little motherless girl. She deserves to be Mrs. Crump, especially as Crump is doing well, and is a worthy, honest fellow. Why, there he is! he has met her "quite promiskus," as he says, but any one may read in his eyes that that was a trick of love; he puts her arm in his, insists upon carrying her bundle, and away they go—Betty blushing and embarrassed, but happy—Crump proud of his dear little Betty, and not wholly unconscious of the untarnished merit of his boot-tops. It is a match

Cornelius Webbe's Glances at Life.

LONDON POLICE.

The Apothecary and the Cats.—A mahogany faced woman, named Squab, appeared lately at the Court of Requests against a gaunt, long-visaged apothecary, residing in the neighborhood of Brunswick-square, for the sum of 1*l*, alleged to be due under the following circumstances.

The apothecary was a bachelor, and, requiring a confidential servant, had hired the plaintiff at the rate of 1*l.* per month. Her services were, indeed, that of a housekeeper, but the apothecary had behaved in such a "houdasheous" manner, that the plaintiff was compelled to leave his service, somewhat before the consummation of a legal term of notice. The following is a verbatim report of the complaint and the rejoinder:—

Mrs. Squab—Sir, this 'ear man lives by himself, and so he hired me at 13*l.* a year to do for him; but I hadn't been long in his service, before I found I had to do for four cats as well—[Laughter]—and to clean up arter them as well—[Considerable laughter.] Well, Sir, one night one of these 'ear cats was missing, and he flies in a passion, and he ses to me, says he—"Mrs. Squab, you've drove that cat into a consumption—[Roars of laughter, in which the worthy Commissioner could not help joining]—and d——n you, if you don't find that cat, I'll be the werry death of you—and so, with that, I run'd out."

Mr. Commissioner—You couldn't have done a more discreet thing, Madam.

Mrs. Squab—You're werry good; and so I perseeded to go away; and next day, when I went for my things, he unlocked my box and took out my purse, in which I'd got 2*l.* 18s. and he took away a sovereign to pay himself the month's warning.

Mr. Commissioner—And didn't you take him before a magistrate?

Mrs. Squab—No, Sir, I was glad to get back what he'd give me.

Mr. Commissioner (to defendant)—Now, Sir, what have you to say to this?

Defendant, with gravity, entered into the following statement:—It's very true, Sir, all that she has stated. I do keep four cats, and I did undertake to keep this woman as well, but she, during my absence from town, kept all sorts of company; my poor cats were neglected, my saucepans left dirty, and at last to such a pitch did things come, that one of my *cats absconded.* [Laughter.] More than that, Sir, she says she is visited by her grandmother, who goes into her bed-chamber at night, and feels all over her. The facts are, Sir, she's mad. I took the sovereign for the month's warning, as well as to indemnify me for my cat. *I've a great passion for cats.*

Mr. Commissioner—Well then, Sir, you must pay for it. You must refund the sovereign, Sir, and if Mrs. Squab thinks proper, she may take you before a magistrate for helping yourself to it. The apothecary left the court in high dudgeon.

A New American Actor.—Laurence Russell, who described himself as an American actor of many years' standing, was charged with intoxication at Queensquare on Saturday, and a man named Tholes was placed at the bar for stealing the theatrical gentleman's hat. Russell, on it being stated that he was a member of a penny theatre at Chelsea, said—"'Tis false as ——; I have left the land of liberty, most likely to be incarcerated in an English dungeon."

Mr. Hoskins—I agree with you in opinion. [Laughter.]

Defendant—But I mean to tell your worship that in America I have gained golden opinions from all sorts of people.

Mr. Hoskins—Most likoly, but I fine you five shillings for being drunk.

The charge of stealing the hat was then gone into, which being fully proved Mr. Russell was called on to estimate its value, but he gave such evasive answers, that the magistrate fixed its value at tenpence, much to the annoyance of the actor, and greatly to the amusement of the bystanders. Mr. Russell, unable to pay the fine, was locked up, and the other prisoner was committed to Newgate for stealing the hat.

London Globe

"*Eh—How! My Mustachios!*"—A long, but very lean young gentleman named Julius Augustus Harrison, wearing a most ferocious-looking pair of mustachios and whiskers *en suite*, was, on Thursday, summoned for the consideration of 11s. 6d., by a little yellow barber, named Rogers—"What's it for?" asked one of the Commissioners—Little Rogers shrugged up his shoulders, and in something between a whine and a whistle, made the following ludicrous statement:—"I'll tell your Worships all about it. This 'ear good gentleman comes to my shop in George-street, and asks me, says he, 'What shall I give you a week to keep my *head* in order?'—[Laughter]—Says I, 'I s'pose you mean your 'air?' 'Oh,' says he, 'it's *all the same;* and so with that I up and tells him I'd look arter his head for a shillin a week, *shaves* included. Well, your Worships, I shaves him, and I curls him, and I sets his whiskers back—[Roars of laughter].

A Commissioner—"What, Sir, *set back* his whiskers?"

Plaintiff—"Yes, Sir; one on 'em come round just like your'n, and so I coaxed 'em and trimmed em—[laughter]—and then I *dyed* his mustachios! they had a nasty look, like as you sees 'em now; but I turned 'em into a regular blackans; in fact, I made him look decent and wholesome for a matter of ten weeks and now this is the way he sarves me."—[Laughter].

A Commissioner—"How do you make out 11s. 6d., Mr. Rogers?"

Plaintiff—"Eighteen pence for dying his mustachios, Sir." [The Court was nvulsed with laughter.]

Commissioner—"By what process?"

Rogers (with a cunning wink)—"Ah, Sir, that's a secret; I can't think of ting you up to that; there is sich a thing as *hopposition*, you know."

Commissioner—"Now, Mr. Harrison, what have you to say?"

Defendant—"Eh?" "What have you to say, Sir?" "Hawpon my word, n't know, droll affair, and d—d unpleasant. Have seen the fellow before—cerinly did frizzle my hair—believe the man shaved me. As to the mustachios, ver was viler stuff put on man's face; the color was all gone in six hours!"—ore laughter.]

Commissioner—You should have 'tried Warren's'—[Laughter.]—By your n admission it appears you owe the plaintiff the amount sued for—you must y it forthwith."

Defendant—"Eh—aw—really, this is a most rascally decision."—[Laughter.]

Plaintiff—"I wish your Worships a wery good morning. You're all gentlen wot is gentlemen—the most agreeablest, pleasantest, and justest, unkimonest." (Here the little tonsor's encomium was cut short by the officer gently ading him out of Court).

Piscatoral Dispute.—At the Arranquay Police office, on Saturday week, s. Nancy Walshe, a ruddy-faced, brawny shouldered damsel, the *president* of ble in Patrick street, well known for the excellence and variety of the finny es displayed thereon, complained against Miss Ann Smith, also a member of e same calling, for having the day previously conducted herself in a way anyg but manly towards her: in fact, she could only expect such *un*politeness n one who had never—

Alderman Tyndal: My good woman, come to the point at once—

Complainant: Well, your Worship, to make a long story short, while I was ding at my table, not saying a syllable to nobody, but thinking and ruming to myself about nothing at all, up walks Miss Smith, and, without as ch as by your leave, Madam, she *ups* with a salmon off the table, and before could say Jack Robinson, she hits me a welt of the tail end in the jaw, that ered me out and out. "That's bidding you the time of day, Nancy honey," s she, "and for fear one side of your face might be jealous of the other, you y as well take this;" and with that she fetched me such a wipe with one of whitings, as brought the salt tears in my eyes, and I dropped as flat as a der. She then upset the little table, and danced on it till she made smash smithereens of the bits of boards, not to speak of the damage to my stock of . She finished her morning's work on me by taking advantage of my fall, tearing the pocket from my side, in which I had a bright shilling and a sixce; with that she went off to a public house, to wet her neck at my expense. I want to know is, is there law for that?

Alderman Tyndal: Certainly if what you state be true, we shall punish her.

Complainant: I don't owe the girl any grudge; all I want is only to transport

he Alderman: We cannot promise you to go so far as that, but we shall her taken into custody in the first place. We shall best know how to deal her afterwards.

mplainant: Deal with her in what way you like, but nothing less than portation for ever will satisfy me; and if it was to cost the best bed from r my children, I'll make her travel for it. Mrs. Walshe then retired, and stable was sent to look after Miss Smith.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

E FOLLOWING STAKES AND MATCHES to be run over the *Union Course*. All e *Sweepstakes* now open will close the first of January, 1837.

reference to the annexed, subscribers will know their nominations, where closed—and n opportunity of naming or changing such as are still open to the 1st of January. Any man wishing to make a nomination to any stake marked "*open*" on the list, will please s the undersigned before the 1st of January, 1837.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Jamaica, New York.

SPRING, 1837.

ch, mile heats, two weeks before the 1st Spring meeting, 1837, between Mr. John C. ns' Henry colt, out of Janette, and Capt. Stockton's colt, by Sir Charles, out of ssey.

t Meeting, Spring 1837, for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, and

SUBSCRIBERS.

Robert Tillotson names ——, by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
R. L. Stevens names produce of Betsy Ransom, by Henry
Do. names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Nullifier.
A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress, by Eclipse.
Do. names produce of Ostrich, by Andrew.
John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Henry.
Do. names produce of Romp, by Henry.
R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey, by Sir Charles.
Do. names produce of Monmouth's dam, by Dashall.
Wm. Gibbons names Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Sally Slouch.
I. S. Snedecor names c. by Andrew, dam Vandeveer's Pacolet mare.
Wm. Jones names produce, a Lovell colt out of Eleanor.
T. Pearsall names produce, a colt by Flying Childers, dam Gulnare.
A. L. Botts names s. f. by Eclipse, dam Phillis, full sister to Gohanna.
John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Sir Charles.
John Drew names produce "Cornelia," by Andrew, dam Filho mare.
Samuel Laird names s. f. Betsey Andrew, by Andrew, dam Farmer's Damsel.
Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.

OPEN.

nd Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250; re to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton.
2. J. C. Stevens.
3. Robert Tillotson.
4. Robt. L. Stevens.

OPEN.

nd Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 4 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit ur or more to make a race, and close the 1st of January, 1837.

1. Wade Hampton names full sister to Trifle
2. John C. Stevens names Dosoris, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.

FALL, 1837.

Meeting, Fall, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, and

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3. J. Bathgate names produce of a Henry mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Henry.
5. Also " " of Romp and Henry.
6. Robt Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Sir Charles.
8. G. T. Wilson names produce of Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis and Eclipse.
10. T. Pearsall names produce of Gulnare and Childers.
11. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Nullifier.

OPEN.

pstakes, Fall, 1837, Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $200, forfeit $100, to of January, 1837.

SPRING, 1838.

OPEN.

stakes for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance, $300, forfeit $100; to close 1st of Jan-

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Helen Mar and Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Oscar mare and Monmouth Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Eclipse.
4. Also produce of Janette and Eclipse.
5. James Cooke names s. c. Crickett, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
6. W. Livingston names produce of Jemima and Eclipse.
7. Also produce of Medora and Eclipse.
8. J. Vansicler names produce of Lady Richmond and Eclipse.

OPEN.

1838.—Sweepstakes, Mile heats. Entrance $200, forfeit $50. To close 1st of Jan-

1. J. Vansicler names produce of Rotten Apples, by Simon

Sweepstakes for Spring, 1838, Mile heats. Entrance $1000, forfeit 250, and

SUBSCRIBERS.

W. Livingston names produce of Medora, by Eclipse.
Also produce of Jemima, by Eclipse.
R. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Eclipse.
John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
J. H. Wilkes names produce of Betsey Richards, by Eclipse.
R. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
S. Gouverneur names produce of Polly Jones, by Eclipse.
R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie, by Eclipse.
Also produce of Charlotte Pace, by Eclipse.
Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Reality, by Eclipse.
John C. Craig names produce of Bonnets of Blue, by Eclipse.
Also produce of Kate Kearney, by Eclipse.
S. Ringgold names produce of Arietta, by Eclipse or Medley.
John Heth names produce of Screamer, by Luzborough.
Also produce of Annette, by Goliah.
W. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla, by Luzborough.
Also produce of Isabella, by Luzborough.
A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis, full sister to Gohanna, by Goliah.
Wm. H. Minge names produce of dam of Mazeppa, by May Day
Robt. Randolph names produce of Minge's Bluster mare, by Forty Four.
W. R. Johnson names produce of dam of Charles Kemble, by Andrew.
Wm. Coleman names produce of dam of Trifle, by Andrew.
J. M. Botts names produce of dam of Rosalie Somers, by Gohanna.
Also produce of dam of Rolla, by Gohanna.
Robt. Tillotson names produce of Bedford mare, by Eclipse.
I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank, by Eclipse.
John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
James S. Garrison names produce of Lady La Grange, by Luzborough.
Also produce of Sally Hope, by Sarpedon.
Also produce of dam of Zinganee, by Ivanhoe.
Wm. Jones names produce of Dove, by (imported) Roman.
Jas. M. Selden names produce of dam of Bachelor, by Sussex.
A. B. Meade names produce of Green's Filho mare, by Eclipse.
Samuel Laird names produce of Farmer's Damsel, by Henry.
Also produce of Lady Hamlet, by Eclipse.
John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse.
Also produce of Lady Jackson, by Henry.
John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Medley.
J. H. Oliver names produce of Patsey Calbert, by Tonson.
J. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Eclipse.
Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.
J. R. Snedecor names produce of Grasshopper, by Eclipse.
John C. Stevens names produce of English mare Isabel, by Eclipse.
D. W. Jones names produce of Princess, by Eclipse.

FALL, 1838.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for 3 yr. olds. Entrance $200, forfeit $50. To close 1st of January, 1837.

SPRING, 1839.

Match, mile heats, First meeting, 1839, between Mr. Tillotson's filly by Barefoot, out of Polly Jones and Mr. J. C. Stevens' Henry colt, out of Romp.

Match, mile heats, First meeting, 1839, between Mr. Tillotson's colt, by Gohanna, out of Medoc's dam, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' colt, out of Polly Hopkins, by Emilius.

Match, mile heats, between the produce of the dam of Ariel, by Gohanna, belonging to Mr Hamlin, and the produce of the dam of Post Boy, by Barefoot, of Mr. S. Neale; First meeting, 1839.

Match, Second meeting, 1839, mile heats, between the colts of Col. W. Hampton, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens.

Produce Sweepstakes, mile heats, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Barefoot.
2. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Gohanna.
3. J. C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Gohanna.
5. John Heth names produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Romp and Henry.
7. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Gohanna.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Shark.
9. Also produce of Powancey and Shark.
10. J. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Barefoot.
11. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Garland and Barefoot.
12. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
13. Also produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Mile heats, First meeting, Spring, 1339. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. Second in the race of receive back stakes: 4 or more to make a race, and close 1st of January, 1837.

1. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Geranium and Barefoot.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Mile heats, First meeting, 1839 Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.

FALL, 1839.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, First meeting, Fall, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.

SPRING, 1840.

OPEN.

Produce Stake, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

OPEN.

Produce Stake, Second meeting, 1840. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. The second in last heat to receive back stakes, unless one should win a heat and not be distanced. Ten or more to make a race, and close the 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam, by Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James, by Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of ——————
4. J. M. Selden names produce of ——————.
5. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of ——————.
6. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of ——————
7. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes and Barefoot.
8. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey and Tonson.
9. Also produce of Jemima and Barefoot.
10. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank and Barefoot.

FALL, 1840.

OPEN.

Produce Stakes, Two mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. Four or more to make race, and close 1st of January, 1837.

The above is correctly copied from the Secretary's book, this 12th day of November, 1836.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Secretary N. Y. Jockey Club.

LEVIATHAN, LAPDOG, GLENCOE, AND St. GILES.

JAMES JACKSON & Co.'s Imported Stallions will Stand at the following places and prices for the next season, of 1837.

Imported Leviathan, at the stable of Col. GEO. ELLIOTT, Gallatin, Tenn. at $100.
" *Lapdog* will also stand at the same stable, $50.
" *Glencoe*, at the stable of JAMES JACKSON, Florence, Ala., $100.
" *St. Giles*, for the ensuing season, will be withdrawn. [n19.]

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR SALE.

THE following thorough-bred horses, belonging to the estate of the late Bela Badger, of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, are offered for sale, viz.:—

John Richards,
Flying Dutchman,
Valentine, (Imported),
Chifney,
Priam.

The four first-named horses are at Gen. John Falkner's, Gerrard County, Kentucky. Priam is in Preble County, Ohio.

The terms of payment (good security being given) will be made easy to purchasers.

Applications may be made to S. BADGER, (Ex. to the estate of Bela Badger,) Philadelphia, Pa., or to JOSEPH H. HELLINGS, Lexington, Ky.

Nov. 7, 1836. [n12-6t.]

ZINGANEE, IVANHOE, AND HANSLAP.

THE Subscriber is desirous of farming out, for one year or more, the following celebrated racing stallions, so well known on the turf as the winners of never fading laurels:—

Zinganee is a deep bay, 9 years old, by Sir Archie, dam by Imp. Chance; black mane and tail, five feet three inches high, and in fine condition.

Hanslap is a rich bay, five feet seven inches high, by Washington, dam by Sir Archie; one of the fleetest and stoutest race nags on the turf; now 7 years old.

Ivanhoe, a fine bay, with black legs, mane and tail, 13 years old, is own brother to Polly Hopkins, and a sure foal getter.

All three are from the best racing families, and "their connexions (on the turf,) are of the highest respectability." Application must be made before the 10th Jan. next, to

Nov. 5, 1836. JAMES S. GARRISON, Norfolk, Virginia.

A TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, by a gentleman at Murfreesboro', Tenn., about August, 1837, a person capable of taking the management and training of a stable of horses, to whom a liberal salary will be given, with every encouragement. Apply to

JOHN HOLMES.
Murfreesboro', Tenn.

o15.

MARGRAVE, winner of the Great Doncaster St. Leger in 1832.

THIS most celebrated English Racer, the best in the Kingdom of his age, for two years, has just arrived in Tennessee, from Virginia, where he made one season. Margrave was the best colt of his year, having won the great St. Leger, 73 subscribers; the Criterion Stakes, 36 subscribers; the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, 15 subscribers; the Gascoigne Stakes, 11 subscribers, and other races, running against the best horses, at Newmarket, Epsom, Doncaster, and the most fashionable courses. He won the St. Leger, and was able also to win the Derby, it is now known beyond a doubt, and no other horse has been able to win both these great stakes for the last 35 years. The English Sportsmen considered Margrave a racer of almost unequalled excellence, and place him in the same rank with Priam, Sultan, Flying Childers, &c. &c.

Margrave, when taken from the Turf, was farmed by that most judicious and successful breeder, Mr. Watt, who bred Lottery and Memnon, to serve his stud, and his colts are said to be very superior. After making two seasons there, he was purchased and imported into Virginia in the Fall of 1835. He has proved himself a sure foal-getter.

Margrave was got by Muley, sire of Vespa, (winner of the Oaks,) Muley Moloch, Leviathan, and other good runners at all distances—his dam was got by Election, winner of the Derby, and a capital 4 mile horse, and a favorite stallion—his grandam, Fair Helen, by Hamiltonian, the best racer of his day, and a very distinguished stallion, out of Helen, by Delpini—Rosalind by Phenomenon—Atalanta by Matchem—Lass of the Mill by Oroonoko—Traveller—Miss Makeless—Partner—Woodcock—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Dickey Picason—Burton's Barb Mare. A rich, fashionable, and stout pedigree, and Margrave always run an honest and game horse while on the Turf.

Margrave is a dark chesnut, without white, sixteen hands high, with good action, large bone, great substance, immense power, and good constitution and temper.

He will cover the next season (1837) at Nashville. Terms and other particulars in due time.

THOS. ALDERSON.

Nashville, Dec. 1, 18a6. [d17-2t.]

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.

feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

SHAKSPEARE HOTEL.

THE Subscriber has recently opened the splendid new Hotel, erected on the site of Harmony Hall, on the corner of William and Duane streets, which will be conducted on an entire new plan, that he hopes will give satisfaction to his friends and the public generally. He will always keep the best the market affords—such as Birds, Fish, Flesh, &c. The Bar will be furnished with the best of Liquors. Oysters served up in the best style.

Attached to the Hotel is a large and commodious REFECTORY, where meals can be had at all hours at a moment's notice.

The subscriber formerly kept the Park Hall at Boston, and hopes by a strict attention to the comfort of his customers, to merit a share of public patronage.

[d24] AMOS S. ALLEN, Shakspeare Hotel and Refectory.

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

SUPERIOR PASTE BLACKING.

JAMES DARCY & CO.'S BLACKING MANUFACTORY, No. 4 Courtland-street, N. York. Where all orders will be thankfully received, and punctually attended to.

☞ Wholesale purchasers will find it their advantage to call at the Old Establishment.

mar 12

TO PAINTERS AND GUILDERS.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF, warranted superior quality, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watt-street, New-York.

N. B. Gold, silver, and copper bronzes, of different colors and qualities, at lowest price, for cash. Orders will be shipped punctually and free of charges. Address GEORGE S. WAITE, at the manufactory, No. 459 Greenwich-street, or No. 67 Watt-street, New-York.

WANTED,

CAST OFF CLOTHING, at Michael Levy's 82 1-2 Chatham-street, near Chatham-street chapel. N.B. Please to notice the number. mar 5

BARDOTTE & CARTER.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING ROOM & PERFUMERY WAREHOUSE, No. 146 Broadway, up stairs. mar 5

THOMAS POOL,

BAROMETER AND THERMOMETER MAKER, No. 31 Fulton-street, New-York. Barometers, Thermometers, and Philosophical Apparatus carefully repaired. Glass blown for chemical experiments. mar 5

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. bay mare, *Lady of the Lake*, 24 years old, by Imp. Sir Harry, dam by Imp. Diomed, grandam, by Imp. St. George, g g dam by Imp. Fearnought, g g g dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of an Imported mare, now stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 2. Ch. m. *Charlotte Hamilton*, 10 years old, by Sir Charles, dam No. 1—stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 3. B. m. *Molly Seagrim*, by Randolph, 6 yrs. (by Tenn. Oscar, out of his full sister her dam No. 1.

No. 4. G. c. *Daniel O'Connell*, 4 yrs. old, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam No. 1.

No. 5. Ch. f. *Jenny Deans*, 3 years old, by Pizarro, (by Old Pacolet, dam by Florizel, grandam by Grey Diomed, &c.) dam No. 2, stinted to Leviathan.

No. 6. B. f. *Cockahanna*, by Cock of the Rock, dam No. 2, now in a Sweepstakes to be run at Gallatin, the fall of 1839, two mile heats, 13 entries at $100 each, and closed.

The above are of the best blood and shape, and are for sale; application to be made to

[n12] G. W. PARKER, Gallatin, Tenn.

FOR SALE.

A CHESNUT MARE, 7 years old last spring, got by the celebrated race horse Contention, out of the dam of the unequalled Fanny Wyatt, by Sir Hal—she out of a Bedford, and she out of Old Agnes. Stinted to Gohanna last season—very handsome, and has two beautiful colts. Price $1000 for the said mare. Apply to J. B. Kendall, Baltimore.

[n26-4t.] WILLIAM WYNN.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wadcutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

SHORTLY will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W. Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunen, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not exceled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

KILLINWORTH, Con. June, 1836. june 25

SOUTHERN HOTEL.

THE subscriber having leased that well known establishment 157 Broadway, (late Niblo's), begs to inform his friends and the public, that it is now undergoing thorough renovation in painting and furnishing throughout, and will be open for the accommodation of travellers and permanent boarders on the 14th inst. Having secured a very superior assortment of wines and liquors, and intending to conduct this establishment on the most approved and liberal plan, he trusts, by every attention, an excellent larder and able assistants, to merit a share of public patronage. [n14] EDWARD OTTEY, 157 Broadway.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL, CHARLESTON, S. C.

FORMERLY CONDUCTED BY Mr. MIOT, Society-street, Charleston, S. C.—DANIEL COOK, the present Proprietor of the above establishment, begs leave to inform its friends and the public generally, that he has connected himself with Mr. S. W. SHELTON, and solicits a continuance of the extensive patronage heretofore received.

This establishment, as is well known, is in every way calculated to render comfort both to the traveller and permanent boarder, and every exertion will be continued on the part of the proprietors, to accommodate those who may favor them with a call.

Mr. S. W. Shelton will give his personal attention to the entire management of the house.

D. COOK.
[d17-4t.] S. W. SHELTON.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 90 Division St. New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c., will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama; Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama, Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—SPURZHEIM.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

J. T. GOSDEN.

PRINCIPAL FLUTE OF THE PARK THEATRE, and late of the Baltimore orchestras, continues to give instruction on the above instrument, and the piano forte.

Terms may be known at his residence, No. 6 Ann street, near Broadway. [n26.]

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations, Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
jy 23. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BALTIMORE, Md. - - -	Match $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
CHARLESTON, S. C. -	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Washington Course, Monday, 20th Feb.
FRANKLIN, La. - - -	Match, Four mile heats, $1 000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
NEW ORLEANS, La -	*Eclipse Course*, First Spring meeting, 2d week in March.
NATCHITOCHES, La. -	Grand-Ecore races, 3d Wednesday, 18th Jan.
NEW YORK CITY. - -	Jockey Club, Union Course, 1st Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - -	Annual Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st or 2d Wednesday in March.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $6,000 aside; *Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Feb. 27
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Feb 1837.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $3000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $3 000 aside, h. ft., *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*. Jan. 29. 1837.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - -	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi. Fall, 1838.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. -	Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May.
TREE HILL, Va. - - -	Match, 2 m. heats, $3000 a-side, h. ft. *Kitty Minge*, by Timoleon, vs. *Virginia Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, 1st day of Spring meeting 1837.
WASHINGTON CITY. -	National Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares the ensuing season at $60, and $1 to the groom.

Trustee was foaled in 1829; he was sired by Catton, (the sire of Mundig, Aratus, Chancellor, Contest, Zora, &c.) out of Emma by Whisker, the sire of The Colonel, [illegible] Hilton, Catherina, Manchester and others. He is own brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself. He was imported into the United States by Capt. R. F. Stockton, of New Jersey, in 1835, by whom he was trained last Fall, and notwithstanding he pulled up lame, he ran his four miles in eight minutes, thus proving himself incontestably, not only a horse of great speed, but likewise of bottom.

Jan. 7, 1837. tf. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Letter to Capt. STOCKTON, from F. B. OGDEN, Esq., American Consul at Liverpool:—

LIVERPOOL, July 6th, 1835.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—I don't know if Corbin has written you or not since the Newmarket meeting; the chances, I think, are rather against it, as, like yourself, the spirit of procrastination hangs heavily on him; he promised to do so, however, and I no doubt will soon, if he has not already. Leaving to him, therefore, the minutiæ of description, and directions as to the future, I will fulfil my part of the business by informing you that while at Newmarket, C. and myself entered into a speculation, and came to the resolution of making you the consignee of our purchase. Accordingly, I beg to advise you, that by the ship Caledonia, to sail on the 16th, I shall ship, consigned to you, a horse, with whom I believe you already have some acquaintance, namely, the Duke of Cleaveland's Trustee. Corbin says he recollects your seeing him run at Newmarket Craven meeting, when he was beaten by Sir Mark Wood's Vespa. At any rate, he run once too often for his Grace, who in a towering passion, because he was beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, although he was dead lame from the effects of his race the year before, ordered him immediately to be sold. Through our friend Tattersall we came to know it, and took him off his Lordship's hands at something less than he paid for him to Ridsdale three years before. He is a splendid horse, and his blood equal to any in the kingdom. Had we not purchased him as we did, £300 at least would have been added to his price, from his own brother Mundig having just won the Derby, an account of which I enclose to you. As you may expect his arrival within a week after your receipt of this, I beg you will give directions as to his reception. If Robert Stevens is in New York, I am sure he will attend to his landing with great pleasure, and as to his future destination, I leave it entirely to Corbin.

Pedigree, &c.—Trustee, a ch. h., foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the dam of Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator—Beatrice, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonging to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, (at 8 st. 4 lbs.,) ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7 st. 10 lbs., D. M., a match, 300 sovs. h. ft., 2 to 1 on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten,) for the Oatland stakes, D. I., 15 subscribers, beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee. At the same meeting he won the Claret stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., carrying 8 st. 7 lbs., D. I., eight subscribers, beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave a second time; even betting on Trustee. At Newmarket First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8 st. 7 lbs. each, a match across the flat, 200 sovs., h. ft.; 7 to 4 on Trustee. At York August meeting, same year, 1833, he was beaten by Voluna, for the great subscription 2 miles, 11 subs; 5 to 2 on Trustee. At the same meeting was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8 st. 3 lbs,; two miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret stakes, carrying 8 st. 5 lbs., 2 miles, 3 subscribers, beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c. At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D. I., carrying 8 st. 10 lbs., and beating b. c. Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, (winner of the Oaks,) Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 4 to 1 against Malibran, 9 to 2 against Trustee, and 8 to 1 against Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Healey and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora, by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Frenzy, by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races, and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8 st. 7 lbs., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started, beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Silenus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 against Ibrahim, 3 to 1 against Ascot, 6 to 1 against Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

Trustee's leg will make him unfit ever to be trained again, but will never injure him as a stallion. May he live long, and his offspring do credit to their sire!

Yours truly, FRAS. B. OGDEN.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES AND MATCHES to be run over the *Union Course* are *CLOSED*. January, 1837.

SPRING, 1837—Match, mile heats, one fortnight before the 1st Spring meeting, 1837, between Mr. John C. Stevens' colt, by Henry, out of Janette, and Capt. Stockton's colt, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey.

First Meeting, Spring, 1837, for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robert Tillotson names ch c, by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
2. R. L. Stevens names produce of Betsy Ransom, by Henry.
3. Do. names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Nullifier
4. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress, by Eclipse.
5. Do. names produce of Ostrich, by Andrew.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Henry.
7. Do. names produce of Romp, by Henry.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey, by Sir Charles.
9. Do. names produce of Monmouth's dam, by Dashall.
10. Wm. Gibbons names Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Sally Slouch.
11. I. S. Snedecor names c. by Andrew, dam Vandeveer's Pacolet mare.
12. Wm. Jones names a Lovell colt out of Eleanor.
13. T. Pearsall names a colt by Flying Childers, dam Gulnare.
14. A. L. Botts names s. f. by Eclipse, dam Phillis, full sister to Gohanna.
15. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Sir Charles.
16. John Drew names Cornelia, by Andrew, dam Filho mare.
17. Samuel Laird names s. f. Betsey Andrew, by Andrew, dam Farmer's Damsel.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton names Imp. b f Emily, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Charlotte Temple, by Lance.
3. Robert Tillotson names ch c by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Nullifier.
5. R. F. Stockton names b f by Dashall, out of Monmouth's dam.
6. Wm. Gibbons names Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Sally Slouch.
7. Samuel Neill names c by Henry, out of Garland (brother to Post Boy).

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 4 year olds. Entrance $1000, ft. $250.

1. Wade Hampton names ch f Charlotte Russe, full sister to Trifle
2. John C. Stevens names Dosoris, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.
3. Also Fanny Wyatt, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
4. R. F. Stockton names gr c Bergen, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace.
5. Also Imp. c Langford, by Starch, out of Peri.
6. R. L. Stevens names Mortimer, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.

FALL, 1837,—First Meeting.—Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3. J. Bathgate names produce of a Henry mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Henry.
5. Also " " of Romp and Henry.
6. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Sir Charles.
8. G. T. Wilson names produce of Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis and Eclipse.
10. T. Pearsall names produce of Gulnare and Childers.
11. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Nullifier.

SPRING, 1838—First Meeting—3 year olds, Mile heats. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Livingston names produce of Medora, by Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Jemima, by Eclipse.
3. R. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
5. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Betsey Richards, by Eclipse.
6. R. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
7. S. Gouverneur names produce of Polly Jones, by Eclipse.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie, by Eclipse.
9. Also produce of Charlotte Pace, by Eclipse.
10. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Reality, by Eclipse.
11. John C. Craig names produce of Bonnets of Blue, by Eclipse.
12. Also produce of Kate Kearney, by Eclipse.
13. S. Ringgold names produce of Arietta by Eclipse or Medley.
14. John Heth names produce of Screamer, by Luzborough.
15. Also produce of Annette, by Goliah.
16. W. Wynn names produce of Fortilla, by Luzborough.
17. Also produce of Isabella, by Luzborough.
18. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis, full sister to Gohanna, by Goliah.
19. Wm. H. Minge names produce of dam of Mazeppa, by May Day.
20. Robt. Randolph names produce of Minge's Bluster mare, by Forty Four.
21. W. R. Johnson names produce of dam of Charles Kemble, by Andrew.
22. Wm. Coleman names produce of dam of Trifle, by Andrew.
23. J. M. Botts names produce of dam of Rosalie Somers, by Gohanna.
24. Also produce of dam of Rolla, by Gohanna.
25. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Bedford mare, by Eclipse.
26. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank, by Eclipse.
27. John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
28. James S. Garrison names produce of Lady La Grange, by Luzborough.
29. Also produce of Sally Hope, by Sarpedon.
30. Also produce of dam of Zinganee by Ivanhoe.
31. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove, by (imported) Roman.
32. Jas. M. Selden names produce of dam of Bachelor, by Sussex.
33. A. B. Meade names produce of Green's Filho mare, by Eclipse.
34. Samuel Laird names produce of Farmer's Damsel, by Henry.
35. Also produce of Lady Hamlet, by Eclipse.
36. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse.
37. Also produce of Lady Jackson, by Henry.
38. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Medley.
39. J. H. Oliver names produce of Patsey Calbert, by Tonson.
40. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Eclipse.
41. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.
42. J. R. Snedecor names produce of Grasshopper, by Eclipse.
43. John C. Stevens names produce of English mare Isabel, by Eclipse.
44. D. W. Jones names produce of Princess, by Eclipse.

First Meeting, Spring, 1838—3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance, $300, forfeit $100

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Helen Mar and Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Oscar mare and Monmouth Eclipse
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Eclipse.
4. Also produce of Janette and Eclipse.
5. James Cooke names s. c. Crickett, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
6. W. Livingston names produce of Jemima and Eclipse.
7. Also produce of Medora and Eclipse.
8. J. Vansicler names produce of Lady Richmond and Eclipse.
9. R. F. Stockton names ch c by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancey,
10. Also ch c by Powhattan, out of Blanche.
11. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
12. Also produce of Polly Hopkins, by Eclipse.
13. Wm. Gibbons names Saracen, by Eclipse, out of Sally Slouch.

First Meeting, Spring, 1838—2 yrs old, Mile heats. Entrance $200, forfeit $50.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. Vansicler names produce of Rotten Apples, by Simon
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
3. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Betsey Ransom, by Eclipse.
4. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Eclipse.

FALL, 1838—First Meeting—Three years old, Two mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda by Eclipse.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Eclipse.
3. Also produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse.

First Meeting, Fall 1838—Three years old, Two mile heats; entrance $200, forfeit $50.

1. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Betsey Ransom, by Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Lady Jackson, by Henry.

SPRING, 1839—First meeting, Match, mile heats, between Mr. Tillotson's filly by Barefoot, out of Polly Jones, and Mr. J. C. Stevens' colt by Henry, out of Romp.

First meeting, Spring, 1839—Match, mile heats, between Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' colt, by Emilius, out of Polly Hopkins, and Mr. Tillotson's colt, by Gohanna, out of the dam of Medoc.

First Meeting, Spring, 1839—A match, mile heats, between the produce of Garland, by Barefoot, and the produce of Empress, by Gohanna, (Mr. Neill and Mr. Hamlin).

First Meeting, Spring, 1839—Three years old, mile heats; entrance $1000, forfeit $250.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Barefoot.
2. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Gohanna.
3. J. C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Gohanna.
5. John Heth names produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Romp and Henry.
7. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Gohanna.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Shark.
9. Also produce of Powancey and Shark.
10. J. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Barefoot.
11. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Garland and Barefoot.
12. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
13. Also produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

First meeting, Spring, 1839—Three years old; the second in the race to receive back stakes: Mile heats, entrance $1000, forfeit $250.

1. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Geranium and Barefoot.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna.
3. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Shark.
4. Wm. Gibbons names Mariner, by Shark, out of Bonnets of Blue.

First Meeting, Spring, 1839—Three years old, Mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Meg Dodds and Shark
5. Also produce of Celeste's Sister and Richard.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Terror.
7. Wm. Gibbons names Mariner, by Shark, out of Bonnets of Blue.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1839—Match, Mile heats, between the colts of Col. Hampton, of South Carolina, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens, of New York.

FALL, 1839—First Meeting—Three years old, Two mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill, by Barefoot.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria, by Gohanna.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Shark.
5. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Shark.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Terror.

SPRING, 1840—First Meeting—Three years old, mile heats; entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. F. Stockton names produce of Bianca, by Trustee.
2. Also produce of Imp. Lady Mostyn, by Trustee.
3. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Henry.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Trustee.
5. Also produce of Meg Dodds, by Trustee.
6. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich, by Henry.
7. Also produce of Romp, by Henry.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1840—Three years old, Mile heats; the 2d in the last heat to receive back stake, unless one shall win a heat and not be distanced; entrance $1000, ft. $250.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam, by Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James, by Eclipse.
3. J. M. Selden names produce of Florida.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Floranthe, by Henry.
5. Also produce of Black Maria, by Henry.
6. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Garland, by Henry.
7. Also produce of Geranium, by Barefoot.
8. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes, by Barefoot.
9. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Trifle, by Star.
10. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey, by Tonson.
11. Also produce of Jemima, by Barefoot.
12. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank, by Barefoot.
13. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Barefoot.
14. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie, by Trustee.
15. Also produce of Powancey, by Trustee.
16. Also produce of Monmouth's dam, by Trustee.
17. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones, by Barefoot.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Plenipo'.
19. Also produce of Lalla Rookh, by Tranby.
20. J. W. Seaman names produce of Green's Filho mare, by Henry.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Secretary N. Y. Jockey Club.

New York, January 5, 1837. [J7]

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, the 20th Feb. 1837, with a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, Two mile heats, entrance $300, h. ft. Closed with 5 subscribers, viz.: Col. Hampton, Col. Singleton, Col. Butler, J. G. Guignard, Esq., and W. Sinkler, Esq.

On Wednesday, the 22d.—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Thursday, the 23d.—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Friday, the 24th.—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats. No horse allowed to star for this Purse that is not under 5 years.

On Saturday, the 25th.—Handicap Purse, Three mile heats.

In the week following the Citizens' Purse will be run for.

Besides the above Purses, the Club will also give $50 a day (the entrance money to be added) for a second race, Two mile heats, weights for age.

Charleston, S. C. Nov. 14, 1836. [n26-mo]. JOHN B. IRVING, Secretary

NORTH ALABAMA SWEEPSTAKES.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race with colts and fillies, dropped in 1836, over the *North Alabama Race Course*, at Huntsville, on Monday of the Jockey Club Race week, the Fall meeting of 1838, one mile out; colts to carry 75lb., fillies allowed 2lb. Sub. $150 forfeit $100. To close and name to the Secretary of said Club, at Huntsville, on, or before 1st of January, 1837. Four or more to constitute a race.

1. E. H. Boardman | 2. John Blevins.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race with colts and fillies, dropped in 1836, over the North Alabama Race Course, at Huntsville, on Tuesday of Jockey Club Race week, the Fall meeting of 1839, Two mile heats; colts to carry 90lb., fillies and gelding allowed 3lb. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close and name to the Secretary of said Club at Huntsville on or before 1st January, 1837. Five or more to constitute a race.

1. E. H. Boardman names ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Delight, by Reveller.
2. James Jackson. 3. Samuel Ragland. 4. Wm. H. Gee. 5. John Blevins.

Huntsville, Nov. 10, 1836. [d3]

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

THE RENOWNED ENGLISH RACE HORSE AND STALLION, CHATEAU MARGAUX, will be located at my residence near Hayneville, Lowndes County, Alabama, and will serve mares at one hundred dollars the season, payable the first of July, and one dollar to the Groom.

Mares from a distance will be bountifully fed with grain at $8 per month, good and extensive pasturage gratis. Ample accommodations and separate lots are prepared for mares with colts, and every care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but no liability should they occur.

The season will commence on the first day of February, 1837, and expire on the first day of July. GEORGE GIVHAN

Hayneville, Dec. 14, 1836. [J7]

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. BOARDMAN enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

JAMES JACKSON & Co. enter the get of Imp. LEVIATHAN, on the terms proposed.

Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 10. 1836. Sept. 10

L. P. CHEATHAM enters the get of the Imported Horse MERMAN.

Nashville, Dec. 13 1836. Jan. 7

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse TRUSTEE, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself. See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—BERGEN, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. LANGFORD, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1831, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. MARGARET, foaled 1834 by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 183. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled [illegible]

No. 13.—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14.—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15.—Bay mare CHARLOTTE PACE, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16.—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17.—Gray mare BIANCA, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18.—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 321. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19.—Bay mare MISS MATTIE, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20.—Chesnut mare BLANCHE, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g g dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g g g dam the Bashaw mare—Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21.—Imported bay mare LADY MOSTYN, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g g dam Susan out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22.—Gray mare HELEN, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, Imp. Highlander—Fair American by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

The horses in training can be seen at J. K. Van Mater's, near Monmouth Court House, and the others at Capt. Stockton's farm, near Princeton, N. J. [d24-6m]

THE RAGLAND STAKES, FLORENCE, Ala.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race with colts and fillies, dropped in Spring, 1836, over the *Florence* (Ala.) *Course*, Mile heats, on first Wednesday in May, 1839. Sub. $100, h. ft.. And to run the same colts and fillies, over the same Course, on Monday preceding the regular Jockey Club Races, a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, $200 sub. h. ft. To be governed by the Rules of said Jockey Club. Four or more to make a race. Now closed.

1. Samuel Ragland names b f by Imp. Leviathan, out of Eliza Jones, by Timoleon.
2. James Jackson names ch f by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gallopade
3. Nicholas Davies names b c by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover, by Sir Charles
4. E. H. Boardman names ch c by Actæon, out of Imp. Design, by Tramp.
5. E. H. Boardman names ch c by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell, by Sir Archy
6. H. B. Turner names the get of Whalebone, out of Betsey Baker, by Timoleon
7. Nath. Terry enters the produce of Clear the Kitchen, by Imp. Leviathan.
8. W. H. Gee enters br f by Imp. Luzborough, out of Brunette, by Sir Hal.
9. John Blevins enters ch f by Wild Bill, out of Lady Huntsville, Sister to J. Bascombe.
10. Geo. Mason enters ch c by Malcomb, dam by Carolinian.
11. A. Whitlock enters the get of Imp. Luzborough, out of Virginius, by Cripple.
12. John Connally names b f by Editor, out of Molly Long, by Stockholder.
13. W. H. Gee enters b f by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kate Kensia, by Contention.
14. Jas. Kirkman names b c by Emilius, out of Eliza, by Rubens. [d3]

THE KENDALL COURSE RACES

WILL hereafter take place on the 3d week of May and October, instead of the 4th, as heretofore.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, near Baltimore.

1. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, now 5 subscribers; to name and close the 1st March next.

2. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock, to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $100, forfeit $50; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March next.

In addition to the above, there are eight or ten more promised. Should this meet their eye, I hope it will put them in mind to make their entries in time. Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above Stakes, can do so, by addressing a letter to the subscriber, at Baltimore.

[n19-4w.] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

SWEEPSTAKES, CAMDEN, S. C.

THE following Sweepstakes to be run over this Course, and open until the 1st Feb. next. Entries to be made with the Secretary.

1st. On the day preceding the races in 1837, for three year old colts and fillies, $100 entrance, h. ft., Mile heats, to which there are 4 subs.

2d. On the day preceding the races in 1838, for three year old colts and fillies, $200 entrance, h. ft., Two mile heats; 4 subs

3d. On the day preceding the races in 1839, for three year old colts and fillies, $100 entrance, h. ft., Mile heats; 5 subs.

4th. On the day preceding the races in 1840, for 3 year old colts and fillies, $200 entrance, Two mile heats; 7 subs.; 3lb. allowed fillies in each race. [d3]

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA SPRING RACES, 1837,

WILL commence on the fourth Tuesday in May next. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 years old, is now open over that course, one mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit $200. To close on 1st Jan. 1837—now seven subscribers. Entries can be described by letter, addressed to W. J. Leiper, Secretary to the Club, or to the subscriber, at Philadelphia. Entries made by mail must be post-marked the day previous to the closing of the stake.

1 J. S. Garrison, 3 J. P. Corbin, 5 Willett M'Coun, 7 C. Irvine,
2 C. W. Morgan, 4 I. S. Snedecor, 6 William Jones, 8 John Heth.

[n5.] WM. N. FRIEND, Proprietor.

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following sweepstakes are open to come off over the *Hunting Park Trotting Course*, Philadelphia, Spring meeting, 1837, viz.:—

1. Sweepstake, Three mile heats, under the saddle, sub $1000, h. ft., with $500 added by the Proprietor, three or more to make a race. To close by the first of March, 1837.

2. Sweepstake to come off the subsequent day to the race named above, sub. $500, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats, under the saddle, 3 or more to make a race. To close by the 1st of March, 1837.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1836. [d3] JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

WASHINGTON NATIONAL J. C. RACES, SPRING, 1837,

WILL commence the 1st Tuesday in May. There is now open a post sweepstake for 4 year olds, spring, 1837, three mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit $200. To close the 10th April. The horse to be named at the starting post—now two subscribers. Particulars will hereafter be given. [n5-4t.] JAMES S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE
SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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PRINTER.